

The American LEGION

M O N T H L Y

JANUARY 1932

200000



2 FIRST AID *to the* MAN NEXT DOOR

See Page Twenty

Revolutionary **NEW** SUPER-JUICER

**Banishes Another
Hateful Kitchen
Job!..**



(IT'S DIFFERENT
HANGS ON THE WALL)

**Oranges, Lemons, Small
Grapefruit Juice Themselves
LIKE MAGIC!**

At last . . . a Remarkable New Kind of Automatic SUPER-JUICER now makes the dream of every modern housewife come true! It's different—hangs on the wall. Just a turn of the handle and fruits juice themselves like magic. No waste, work, worry or bother. Easy to clean. No parts to rust. Guaranteed 5 years. Yet Priced Amazingly Low! Now old-timers and beginners alike pocket the profits of their lives! Unique LIBERAL FREE TEST OFFER puts this unusual opportunity in your lap. Simply rush coupon below IMMEDIATELY!

AGENTS!

**Just Turn the Crank and Make Up To
\$17 IN A DAY Easy!**

FOR years America has clamored for a simple, inexpensive device that would automatically juice citrus fruits! Almost everyone today drinks fruit juices at least once a day for their health-giving ingredients. But housewives have had to contend with makeshift gadgets and squeezers with accompanying waste, worry, work, mess and bother! Now, into this nation-wide market, comes an astonishing scientific marvel—the SPEEDO SUPER-JUICER—to bring new kitchen freedom to housewives and to provide ambitious men and women everywhere with a spare or full time money-making opportunity, breathing in its scope!

Imagine saying to a housewife: "Madam, here at last is the SUPER-JUICER you have always wanted—that enables you to get all the juice from oranges, lemons or grapefruit quicker and easier than you ever dreamed possible. Hangs on the wall. Does not have to be screwed or clamped to table every time used. Just a turn of the crank and the juice is ready to pour. Strains all seeds, pulp and pith. And so easy to clean! No cracks, no corners—no parts to rust. Notice its beautiful finish—you'll be proud to have it in your kitchen. It is guaranteed in writing for 5 years." Then, when you make your lightning-quick demonstration, man, how she wants it and hopes she can afford it! And

when you mention to her in closing the smashing LOW PRICE at which she can now enjoy its tremendous benefits for years, your sale is clinched!

Pushover Sales Waiting Everywhere

Market, demand, unheard-of new features and LOW PRICE! Your own good common sense will tell you that your search for a real money-maker is ended! Shrewd old-timers, who know a seller when they see one, are flocking to the SUPER-JUICER in order to cash in on its demand while it is still new and selling like hotcakes. For, while this new Speedo marvel has only just been introduced to a waiting world, it already is bringing Speedo people everywhere as high as \$8 in an hour, \$27 in a day and \$125 and more in a week!

Make 4 Profits On One Sale

Investigate this unusual profit chance while choice territory is still open. The coupon below brings you details of the new SPEEDO SUPER-JUICER. Also, facts about three other equally marvelous SPEEDO sensations needed and wanted in over 20 million homes. Get our UNIQUE FREE TEST OFFER that guarantees sales without risk to you whatever. Send no money. Just RUSH the coupon AT ONCE! Central States Mfg. Co., Dept. A-5045, 4500 Mary Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

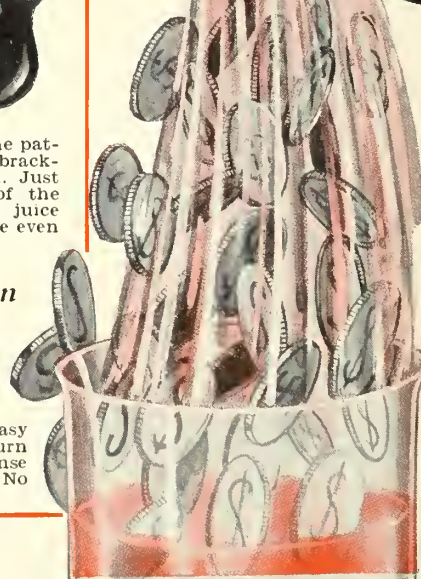


Easy to Operate

The NEW SPEEDO SUPER-JUICER lifts in and out of the patented SPEEDO wall bracket; hangs on the wall. Just a few easy twirls of the handle and fruits juice themselves. So simple even a child can do it.

Easy to Clean

And how this great feature appeals to women! After the SUPER-JUICER reams fruits of all their precious juices, it's unbelievably easy to clean. Just turn handle to left and rinse Juicer under faucet. No parts to rust.



**Free
Test Offer**
Simply
Mail Coupon
NOW!

CENTRAL STATES MFG. CO.,
Dept. A-5045, 4500 Mary Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
Rush full details about the new SPEEDO
SUPER-JUICER, and FREE TEST OFFER
on this and three other million dollar SPEEDO
inventions.

Name

Address

City State

☐ Check here if interested only in one for your home.

Accountancy Home-Study

made interesting and practical thru problem method

YOU know as well as we do that Accountancy fits many men for positions that pay three and five and ten thousand dollars a year—gives many other men unusual opportunity to start a profitable growing business of their own.

The only question is—just how practical is it for *you* to train yourself adequately in Accountancy through home study?

And the answer lies in the LaSalle Problem Method.

For this modern plan of training not only makes Accountancy study at home thoroughly practical but makes it interesting as well.

And here's how:

You Learn by Doing

Suppose it were your privilege every day to sit in conference with the auditor of your company or the head of a successful accounting firm. Suppose every day he were to lay before you in systematic order the various problems he is compelled to solve, and were to explain to you the principles by which he solves them. Suppose that one by one you were to work those problems out—returning to him every day for counsel and assistance—

Granted that privilege, surely your advancement would be faster by far than that of the man who is compelled to pick up his knowledge by study of theory alone.

Under the LaSalle Problem Method you pursue, to all intents and purposes, that identical plan. You advance by solving problems.

Only—instead of having at your command the counsel of a single individual—one accountant—you have back of you the organized experience of the largest business training institution in the world, the authoritative findings of scores of able accounting specialists, the actual procedure of the most successful accountants.

Thus—instead of fumbling and blundering—you are coached in the solving of the very problems you must face in the higher accounting positions or in an accounting practice of your own. Step by step, you work them out for yourself—

until, at the end of your training, you have the kind of ability and experience for which business is willing and glad to pay real money—just as it was glad to pay these men.*

Five Men Who Tested and Proved It for You

For instance, there was the plumber who started Accountancy training with us in 1916. After a short period of study, he took a position as bookkeeper for a year, and then became accountant for a leading automobile manufacturer—with two bookkeepers under him. Today he is auditor of one of the foremost banks in his state and his salary is 325 percent larger than when he started training.

He writes, "My training is the best investment I've ever made, showing a cash value running into five figures."

And the young clerk, earning \$75 a month eleven years ago and now getting many times that as general auditor for an outstanding, nation-wide organization. Within six months after he began our training, he was earning \$125 a month and within four years, he was earning \$250.

Do you wonder that he writes, "While LaSalle ads once seemed like fairy tales to me, now I know from personal experience that they are true"?



Send for
This Book

*Names and addresses given on request.

Or let us tell you about two men—one a stenographer and the other a retail clerk—neither of whom knew more than the simplest elements of bookkeeping. One is now the comptroller and the other the assistant comptroller of a large company.

"LaSalle training in Higher Accountancy," write both, "was the important factor in our rapid climb."

And if you are thinking about the C. P. A. degree and a public accounting business of your own, read about the pharmacist who was earning \$30 a week eleven years ago when a LaSalle registrar secured his enrollment for Accountancy training. Eight months later he left the drug store to take a bookkeeping job at \$20 a week—less money but larger opportunity. Three years later he passed the C. P. A. examination and a year later yet he was earning \$5,000 a year. Now he has his own highly successful public accounting firm for which he says, "My LaSalle training has been largely responsible."

One-Tenth of All C. P. A.'s Are LaSalle Trained

If you want still more proof, remember that 1,000 C. P. A.'s—approximately one-tenth of all those in the United States who have ever passed the difficult examination for this coveted degree—are LaSalle trained.

Or remember that in our files—accessible on request—are thousands of letters from our Accountancy graduates reporting material increases—double, triple, quadruple—and even more—over their original earnings.

And knowing these facts, ask yourself if there can be any further question about the practicability of this training for you—ask rather if the real question is not about the size of your own ambition and the quality of your determination.

For Accountancy is no magic wand for the lazy or the fearful or the quitter—it offers success only to the alert adult who has the courage to face the facts and the will to carry on till the job is done.

If you are that individual, the coupon below, filled out and mailed, will bring you free the information that can open up to you the future of which you have dreamed—ability and income and success.

Is it not worth getting that information?

LaSalle Extension University

LaSALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY, Dept. 1361-H, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me, free of all cost or obligation, your 64-page, illustrated book, "Accountancy, the Profession That Pays," telling about the profession of accountancy and your training for success in that field.

Name.....

Address.....City.....

Position.....Age.....



For God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to the Constitution of The American Legion.

JANUARY, 1932

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AMONG NEXT MONTH'S FEATURES

RUPERT HUGHES, who knows our first President better than you know your next door neighbor, takes the 200th anniversary of his birth as the occasion to tell us just what we owe George Washington. . . . What about the little fellows—how are they faring? You know, the manufacturing concerns that don't get into newspaper headlines because they haven't failed or been swallowed up in mergers. FRANKLIN STETSON CLARK tells what the depression has and hasn't done to them. . . . ALEXANDER SPRUNT, JR., throws some light on a bird that for centuries humans have been trying in vain to exterminate. Can you guess the breed? . . . MARQUIS JAMES writes interestingly of the Panic of 1873, and FREDERICK PALMER, back from a tour of the Middle West, tells how that section is getting along.

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In reporting change of address (to Indianapolis office) be sure to include the old address as well as the new.

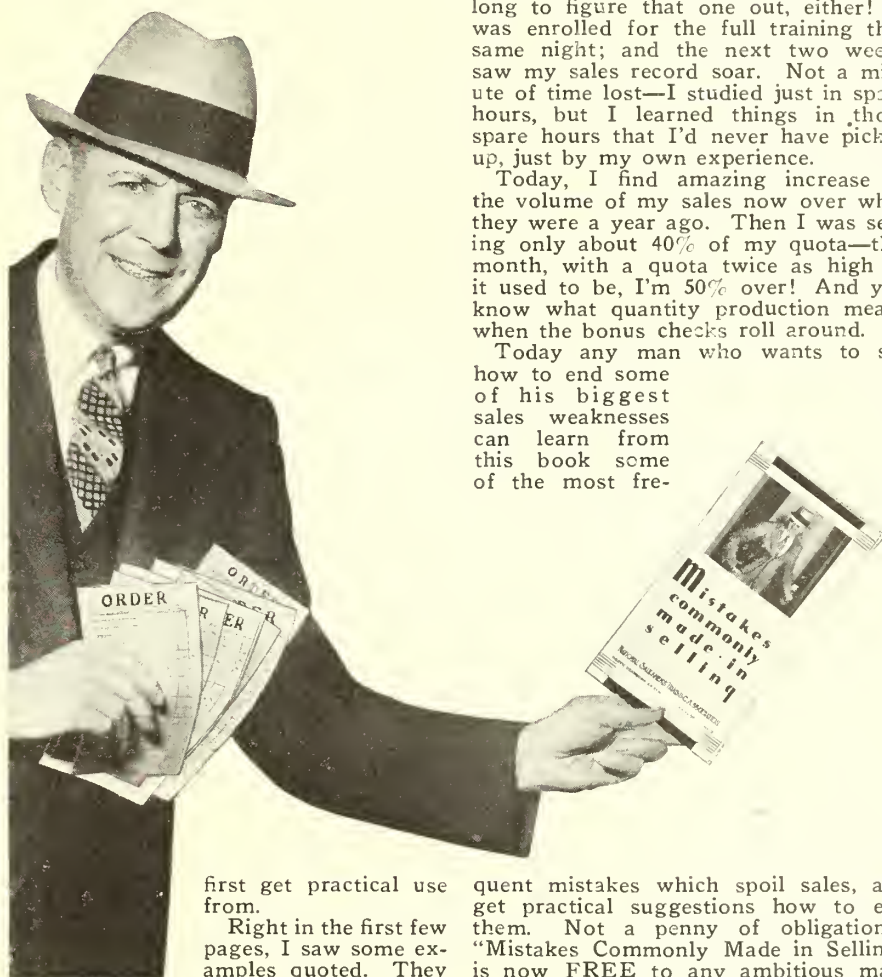
"I SAVED SIX ORDERS and MADE \$90 in ONE DAY . . . Thanks To This Pocket Volume!"

I'VE only been selling about a year. When I broke in, though I realized that trained salesmen are the highest paid men in the world, I expected the going to be hard at first. It was—a lot harder than I'd expected, even. At the end of six months I was commencing to get discouraged. I certainly hadn't made a flop of it—but I wasn't getting the results I should have had.

Naturally, seeing other fellows who started right with me go right ahead, I realized something was wrong. A particularly disheartening thing was the fact that at times I'd be right on the point of closing a good-sized order—and all of a sudden, it would go "flop." In fact, it kept happening all the time. I was doing something, I knew, that was killing those sales.

Finally I decided that I had to do something. I had been hearing a lot about National Salesmen's Training Association. But I'd never investigated them. Then, one day, I read one of their announcements. I was amazed to find how comprehensively they covered the training of salesmen. Furthermore, they announced that they were sending a most unusual volume, "The Key to Master Salesmanship" to ambitious men who asked for it—not only experienced salesmen, but men who had never sold, but wanted a chance in this highly paid field.

Naturally, I wrote for it—it seemed to me that here was the certain solution to the errors I had been making. Imagine my surprise—and interest—when they arrived, not only one book, but two. To this day I can't decide which of those books helped me most. The little book which I had not been expecting was just what I needed at the time. It was written for men just like me—men who had been plugging along in salesmanship—never successful, never so hopeless that they quit selling. And while "The Key to Master Salesmanship" gave me an insight into the real secrets of salesmanship, the other book, "Mistakes Commonly Made in Selling," was the one I could



first get practical use from.

Right in the first few pages, I saw some examples quoted. They were things I had been doing every day. I'd never dreamed they were dangerous errors. The more I thought about them, the more clear it became though, why I was having such difficulty with my closes. I thought to myself: "By golly, that's why Barnes decided to put off buying, this very afternoon!" I kept on thinking of men whose orders I had lost, through just that very mistake. There were six of them.

The next morning, I sallied out, bright and early to see if I couldn't save those sales, using the tips given me. Before noon, I had put the practical suggestions of that little book to work—and sure enough, in every case, I made the sale which I had thought was gone glimmering. Six sales saved—at \$15 commission apiece, that was \$90 made, by one morning's work, plus the advice of a little book that cost me nothing!

Of course that set me to thinking. If that one piece of knowledge could make me \$90, how much would I make out of having all the knowledge which

the National Salesmen's Training Association could give me? It didn't take long to figure that one out, either! I was enrolled for the full training that same night; and the next two weeks saw my sales record soar. Not a minute of time lost—I studied just in spare hours, but I learned things in those spare hours that I'd never have picked up, just by my own experience.

Today, I find amazing increase in the volume of my sales now over what they were a year ago. Then I was selling only about 40% of my quota—this month, with a quota twice as high as it used to be, I'm 50% over! And you know what quantity production means when the bonus checks roll around.

Today any man who wants to see how to end some of his biggest sales weaknesses can learn from this book some of the most fre-

quent mistakes which spoil sales, and get practical suggestions how to end them. Not a penny of obligation—"Mistakes Commonly Made in Selling" is now FREE to any ambitious man. At the same time we will send you, also free, the new and finer edition of "The Key to Master Salesmanship," which since its publication has been read by many men who have got into the biggest pay class of salesmanship. Write for both these valuable volumes now—the coupon will bring them by return mail.

NATIONAL SALESMEN'S TRAINING ASSOCIATION

Dept. A-24, 21 W. Elm St., Chicago, Ill.

National Salesmen's Training Association,
Dept. A-24, 21 W. Elm St., Chicago, Ill.

Without obligation to me, please send me "Mistakes Commonly Made in Selling," as well as "The Key to Master Salesmanship," and full details of your various service features, including your Free Employment Service.

Name

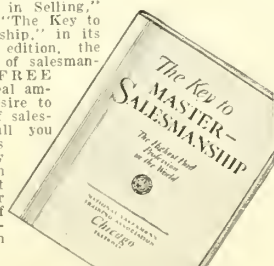
Address

City State

Age Occupation

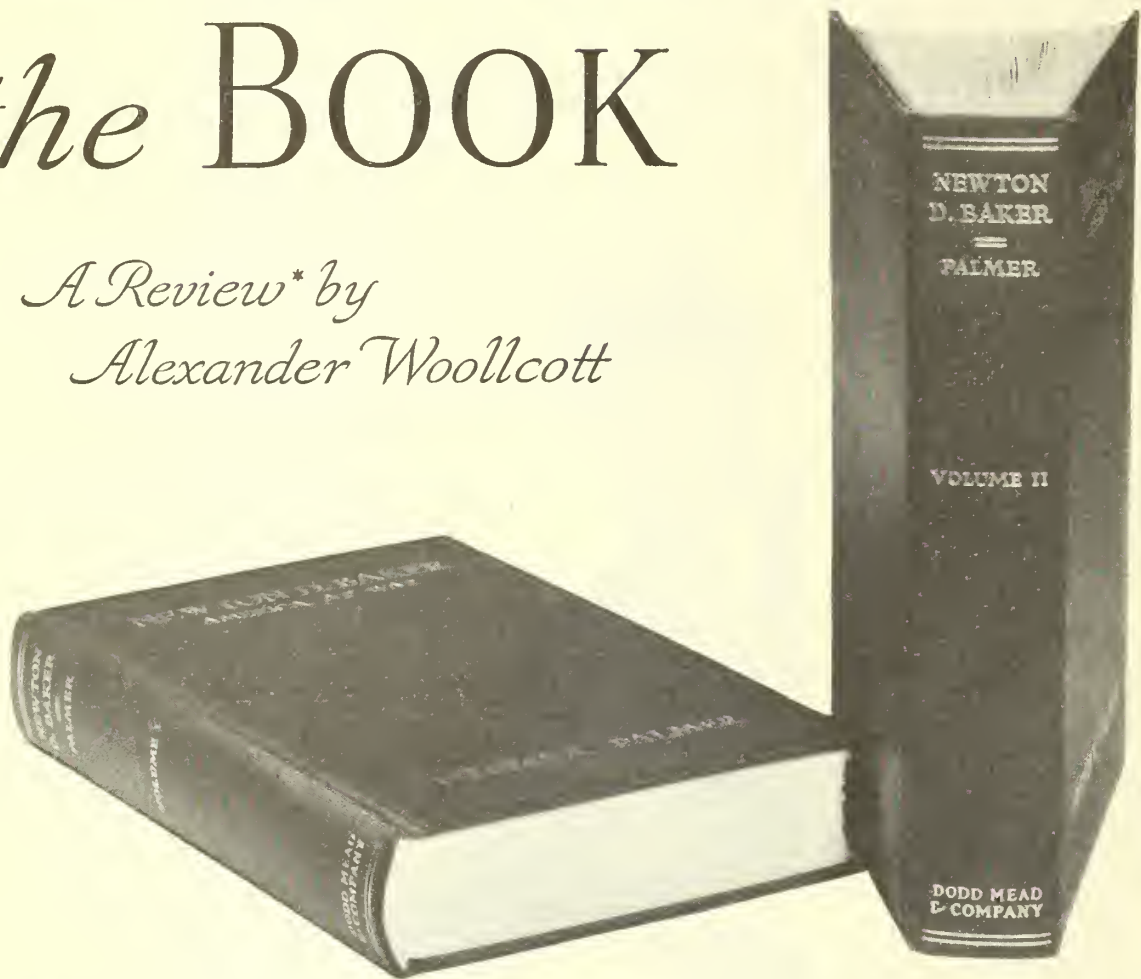
A NEW and FINER EDITION

Thousands who read the original edition of "The Key to Master Salesmanship" are men who today are among the leaders of successful selling. Today, in addition to "Mistakes Commonly Made in Selling," we are sending "The Key to Master Salesmanship," in its new and finer edition, the product of years of salesmanship research. FREE to salesmen. Real ambition, and a desire to make the most of salesmanship, are all you need to get this volume. Simply mail the coupon and it will be sent to you, with your own copy of "Mistakes Commonly Made in Selling."



The MAN BEHIND the BOOK

A Review by
Alexander Woolcott*



IS YOURS* a mind which, like my own, can be unduly plagued by the circumstance that one picture on the wall hangs slightly askew? Does such a dislocation make you fret and fidget until at last, while matters of immediate personal moment wait, you drag over a chair, climb up on it, and straighten the darned thing with your own hands? If so, you know the quality of the sense of relief that gradually took possession of me as I read this new book which Frederick Palmer has written about a chapter in the life of an erstwhile mayor of Cleveland. I mean the Cleveland lawyer whom chance and Woodrow Wilson called to the post of Secretary of War just in time to direct the affairs of that office during the period of considerable activity which was its lot in Mr. Wilson's second administration.

I say "new" book advisedly, for although you may have read the selections from it which were first published serially in this very magazine, something like two-thirds of the entire work did not become available until Mr. Palmer's two fat volumes appeared on the book-stalls in November. From their pages you may learn, if you wish to, with what incomparable ability Newton Baker performed the task which Wilson set before him in America's emergency, and you may realize (for the first time, perhaps) how well this quiet man has deserved of the republic.

And I say "for the first time" just as advisedly. Because, although we all know that through two subsequent administrations the opposition spent a king's ransom vainly dredging the War Department records in the hope of finding some small trace

of malfeasance, even so interested and intelligent a student of the war as Mr. Palmer himself did not know, until he gained access to the documents, how uncommonly well Mr. Baker had deserved of the republic. Indeed, there is an extra chuckle in the book for those enough in the know to realize that Palmer was, if anything, an anti-Baker man who was swept off his feet by the sheer force of the facts unearthed in his own researches, and was by those facts turned into a profound admirer. As it worked out, the chief strain of the task the publishers assigned him proved to be the strain of suppressing his growing impulse to toss his hat into the air and cheer in the properly suspect manner of a campaign committee.

If this was true of an observer so advantageously placed as Palmer was throughout the war, how much more must it be true of laymen too easily impressed in 1917 and 1918 by the hostile critics who, as if by common consent, hit upon the silent, busy Secretary of War as the scapegoat upon whom they might vent their sundry wartime disgruntlements? Chief among these critics were the late Colonel Roosevelt, an Achilles sulking in his tent, and George Harvey (an editor), who, having had his feelings hurt by the sometimes glacial Wilson, found a singular relief in calling Mr. Baker Newty Cootie, and announcing, from time to time, that the War Department had ceased to function.

Now, at Mr. Palmer's heels, you can go back over that confusing time, checking up the diatribes with the facts, and thereby learning how often Mr. Baker was thinking and working a mile and a year ahead of his noisiest critics, how often he was blamed for the sins of Congress, and how often a Harvey polemic denounced Newty Cootie for failing to (Continued on page 58)

*NEWTON D. BAKER: AMERICA AT WAR. By Frederick Palmer. Two volumes, \$7.50. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

Let me help You get a GOVERNMENT POSITION!

NO special experience required to get one of these attractive Government positions. All you need is to pass an examination—and it is easy if you prepare for it. And that's my business. During the past twenty years I have helped thousands into well-paid Government positions, and I can help you get there too. I know *how to train you* to get highest rating in Civil Service Examinations, which will qualify you for first positions open. You get the job you're after within a year of passing examination—or it *costs you nothing*. Government gives ex-service men preference.

Good Pay—Short Hours Steady Work

Get rid of the bugaboos of hard times, strikes, layoffs, job-hunting that you must always worry about in ordinary jobs. Don't stick in the low-pay jobs that start you off in a rut and keep you there. Work for Uncle Sam in a fine position you can't lose for any religious, political or personal reasons. Here's a wonderful position you can easily get that pays you from \$1850 to \$3300 a year; where there are no strikes or lockouts, where you get vacations with pay, retirement pensions, 8-hour day, automatic yearly salary raises, unlimited opportunities for quick advancement, and many other advantages you can't get anywhere else!

Get my FREE Book

"How to Secure a Gov't Position"

If you are a veteran, eighteen to fifty, you can get the Civil Service Position you want. Write today for my new free book that tells all about the Civil Service—the jobs open, what you must do to get the job, the pay, the vacation, and all the big advantages of Government Positions. Find out just how I can help you land a steady good-paying position in the Civil Service in Washington, traveling, or near your home. Get ready NOW for the *next* Railway Postal Clerk Examination! Mail the coupon or a postal today.

A. R. Patterson, Civil Service Expert

PATTERSON SCHOOL

631 Wisner Building

Rochester, N. Y.

JANUARY, 1932

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Opportunity for travel. 15 days' vacation and 10 days' sick leave with full pay. Paid all the time.

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\$1700 to \$2100 a Year

Special Clerks at \$2200 to \$2300

15 days' vacation and 10 days' sick leave every year with full pay. Eligible for promotion to higher paid positions.

CITY MAIL CARRIER

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15 days' vacation and 10 days' sick leave every year with full pay. Good chance for rapid promotion to bigger pay.

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15 days' vacation and 10 days' sick leave every year with full pay. A fine position for men in rural districts.

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\$1100, \$1680 to \$3000 a Year and Up

Extra Pay for Overtime

POSTMASTER

\$1200 to \$2500 a Year

This is a position of great importance.

IMPORTANT—
Get ready NOW
for the NEXT
Railway Postal
Clerks' exam-
ination. Average
pay with allow-
ance is \$2759.



HOW TO SECURE GOVERNMENT POSITION:

A. R. Patterson
PATTERSON SCHOOL
631 Wisner Building
Rochester, New York

Please send me your big free book and tell me how I can secure a position with the U. S. Government paying me \$1850 to \$3300 a year, with excellent chance for rapid advancement. This doesn't cost me a penny.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Keep his head up *and we'll all come through!*



You recognize this man. He lives in your own town, not far from you . . .

Though faced with unemployment, he is combating adversity with courage. He has retreated step by step, but fighting. He has spread his slender resources as far as they will go.

This winter he and his family will need your help.

There are many other heads of families much like him in the United States. This winter all of them will need the help of their more fortunate neighbors.

This is an emergency. It is temporary. But it exists. It must be met with the hopefulness and resource typical of American conduct in emergencies.

Be ready! Right now in every city, town and village, funds are being gathered for local needs—through the established welfare and relief agencies, the Community Chest, or special Emergency Unemployment Committees . . .

The usual few dollars which we regularly give will this year not be enough. Those of us whose earnings have not been cut off can and must double, triple, quadruple our contributions.

By doing so we shall be doing the best possible service to ourselves. All that America needs right now is courage. We have the resources. We have the man power. We have the opportunity for world leadership.

Let's set an example to all the world. Let's lay the foundation for better days that are sure to come.

The President's Organization on Unemployment Relief

Walter S. Gifford

WALTER S. GIFFORD, DIRECTOR

Committee on Mobilization of Relief Resources

Owen D. Young

OWEN D. YOUNG, CHAIRMAN

The President's Organization on Unemployment Relief is non-political and non-sectarian. Its purpose is to aid local welfare and relief agencies everywhere to provide for local needs. All facilities for the nation-wide program, including this advertisement, have been furnished to the Committee without cost.

The AMERICAN LEGION Monthly



AKRON *AHOY!*

*by Samuel
Taylor Moore*

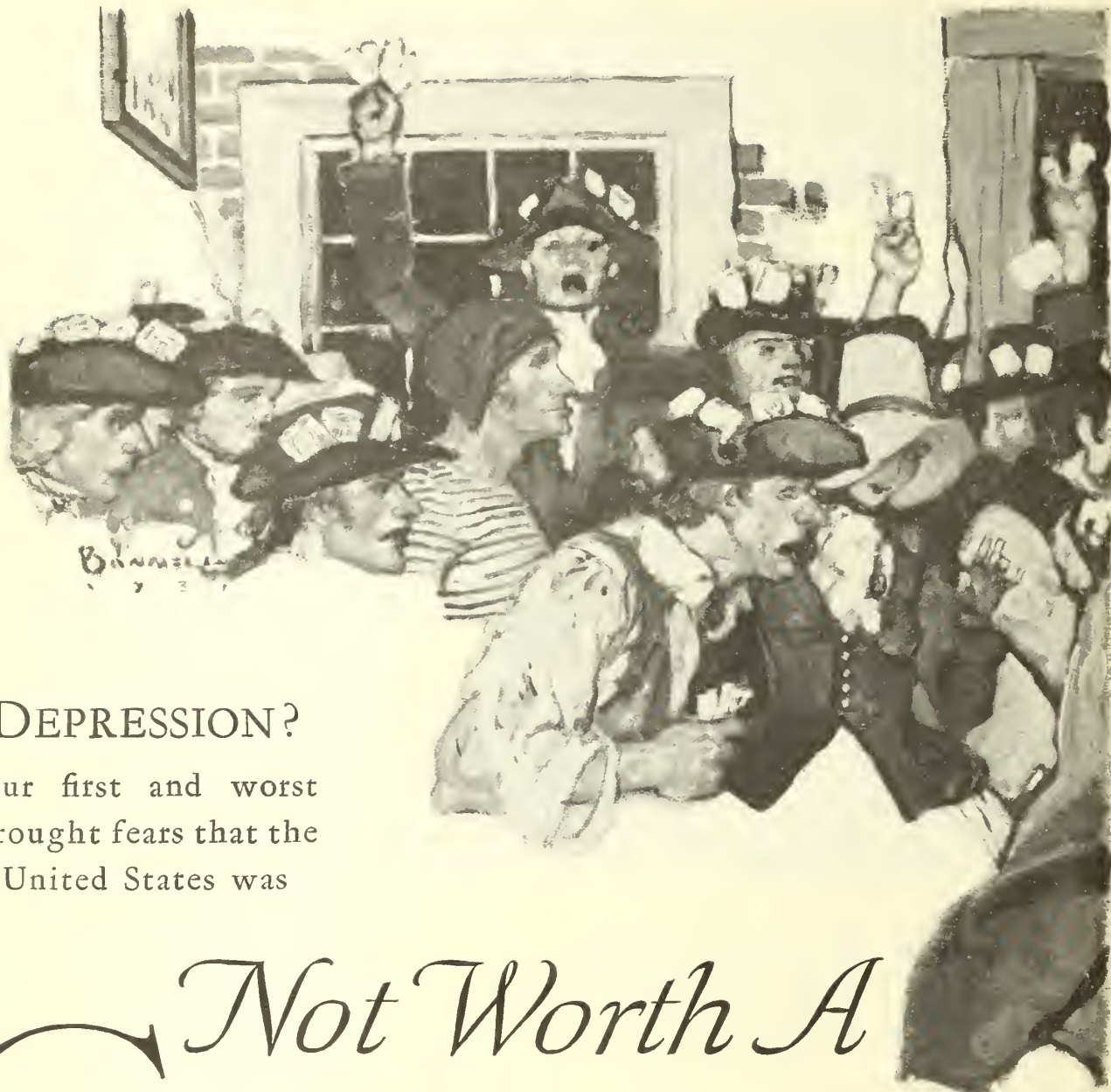
On board the United States Navy Airship Akron, over Lakehurst, New Jersey, November 2d, 7 a. m.:

THIS is an historical moment. One minute ago, at 6:59 a.m., America's first aerial scout cruiser left earth on her maiden flight as a member of the fighting forces of the United States Navy. We are rising aloft almost vertically at 1800 feet a minute and below us the towering roof of the titanic dock (Navy argot for hangar) dwindles in perspective to band-box size. Now the propellers swing at right angles in their flexible shafts. Instead of traveling almost straight up as in a helicopter, we shoot along horizontally. At 55 knots we speed south by east over forests clad in sombre autumnal browns, lilliputian farm buildings and sere yellow fields.

It was six days ago, appropriately on Navy Day, that the *Akron* was formally commissioned for duty. Technically she is

The nation's capital sees the Akron, first aerial cruiser of the United States Navy and the world's largest ship of the air, on her maiden voyage

the third rigid airship in naval service, the fourth that we taxpayers have settled for. The British-built *ZR-2* crashed in flames over the Humber River in England on her first trial flight ten years ago. Our home-built *Shenandoah* was an experimental craft, and her ill-starred end taught us that we had much to learn in the design and operation of airships. The German-built *Los Angeles* came to us with strict stipulations from our former Allies that it could not be used in military operations. The *Akron*, therefore, is our first fighting airship of the line. And what a ship! Six million cubic feet of helium gas, a non-inflammable element, float us. Helium is practically an exclusive natural resource in the United States. It is almost literally priceless. It was the use of deadly hydrogen that made the war history of the Zeppelins so starkly tragic in Germany. Hydrogen has been the main factor of awfulness in every post-war airship disaster. Not only have we helium's guarantee of safety, but every frame and joint of our duralumin structure incorporates thirty years of hard-won knowledge from the unquestioned leaders of lighter-than-air navigation. The *Akron* was built by the Goodyear-Zeppelin Corporation in the Ohio city whose name she flaunts, and the airship experts of our former enemy (Continued on page 42)



DEPRESSION?

Our first and worst
brought fears that the
United States was

Not Worth A CONTINENTAL

By Marquis James

MAJOR GENERAL the Baron Von Steuben had a French cook who followed his patron's star in the camps of many lands. In 1777 he crossed the ocean with him to join the American army which the Baron discovered at Valley Forge. There the old retainer recedes from history, leaving the general's service because there was nothing for him to do at Valley Forge. As far as they go, the popular tales of that encampment are true. The little dab of an army kept together by the sheer splendor of Washington's personality was hungry in the snow.

Historians have lost track of the French cook but the chances are that he did not travel thirty miles from the hillside dugouts at Valley Forge to find employment, more than likely getting a ride on a farmer's wagon laden with meat and flour for Philadel-

phia. In Philadelphia a French chef could have picked and chosen between offers for his services. Any one of Washington's shivering soldiers could have walked out of camp and done the same; as many did. There was a shortage of nothing in Philadelphia except labor. After six lean years—three and a half before the war while the Colonies were contesting the disciplinary measures of England and two and a half during the war—that almost inevitable phenomenon, a war-time boom, and America's first boom of any kind, had swept these shores.

Philadelphia, largest and richest of our cities, rode the crest of the first wave of the new prosperity. The presence there of a British army assisted this. Officers disdained to abandon their program of parties and balls to lead equally contented troops from warm quarters into a winter campaign when certain they could

They decked their three-cornered hats with dollar bills by way of cockades, tarred a dog and "feathered" him with currency, then marched on Independence Hall

consisting of 5,500 regulars which disembarked at Newport. This army paid its way in coin, and a French expeditionnaire of 1780 was the same eye-filling sight to tradesmen as his American compatriot on the return visit in 1918: prices jumped about one hundred percent in the path of his progress. Another foundation for prosperity was the war loans from France and Holland.

This hard money became the basis of a paper money inflation. The Continental Congress had no power to raise money by taxation. It could only borrow and issue paper currency. As the war went on borrowing became more difficult, but the printing presses worked as well as ever. This plenitude of easy money created an illusion of opulence that was just as substantial as the real thing as long as the paper passed at anything like par. Everyone was in funds. Everyone spent freely. From Georgia to Massachusetts the farmer found a better market for his products than ever before. He cleared new fields, he built a better house, he bought brass candelabra and Brussels carpets to fix it up. Four years of war found him living better than in the old days he had dreamed of living after a lifetime of toil.

His city brother was even better off. All cities in those days were seaports. They became the focal points of an astonishing foreign trade derived from the needs of the army and of a civil population that was spending twice what it had spent before. France, Spain and Holland opened markets closed before the war by British restrictions. This was good business for the foreign merchants and for their governments, who were not averse to dealing an oblique blow at haughty England. Our exports of indigo, fish, tallow, tobacco, lumber, cheese and wheat nearly doubled at better prices. The ships that carried them away returned with luxuries for the wardrobe, the table and the home whose display amazed European travelers. "It is difficult to imagine the prosperity of these Colonies," wrote a German visitor who in Charleston saw courts and schools dismissed for a racing meet, smoked Cuban "segars" over excellent wines, danced to the music of a Rhineland orchestra and admired the toilettes of ladies whose patronage was enriching an itinerant French hairdresser.

Halifax, North Carolina, comparatively a hamlet, organized "an elegant Ball" for some passing notables. A Virginia planter sent his son to a fashionable English school. A dancing master advertised for pupils in Baltimore and in 1779 the purse at the Bladensburg (Maryland) races was one thousand dollars. Philadelphia shops offered tea, chocolate, Turkish coffee, fine fabrics



dispose of Washington with less discomfort in the spring. Pennsylvania farmers carefully detoured the freezing camp in the Valley to bring their produce to town, where the British paid for it in gold at ever rising prices. The stream of wealth that flowed from the British paymasters' chests formed one of the solid foundations of the boom. Another was the army of our ally, France,

of almost every description, playing cards, looking-glasses, spirits, gold watches, and "very thick plated elegant Table Chafing Dishes." In Massachusetts a conservative fellow-countryman complained that Governor Hancock, of the famous signature, set a poor example with his "routs, balls and glittering re-unions, entirely incompatible with the stern spirit of the Revolution." Noah Webster, ordinarily more easily disturbed by how his neighbors spelled than by what they spent, believed that the layout for "rum and tea alone," without counting "sugar, coffee, ostrich feathers and a whole list of bawbles" would pay the cost of the war.

IT WOULD be a mistake to assume, as some have done, that this conduct belonged chiefly to the Tories. The party of the Revolution had created this prosperity. They helped themselves to its fruits as a mere foretaste of what would be when the war was won. This enthusiasm was of some assistance to those who bore the burdens of the struggle. Prosperity made foreign loans easier to get than they might have been, but otherwise it made effective armies very difficult to maintain in the field.

There was small inducement for men to forego the opportunities for wealth that presented themselves at home for the rigors and negligible financial rewards of military service. Soldiers rightly understood that their efforts were responsible for prosperity, and felt that they should have some share in it. They had little share. Armies were miserably paid in paper, miserably clothed, fed and equipped. The States were jealous of individual rights. The general government was without power to divert a reasonable share of war-time profits to the support of the military establishment.

The war dragged on with the military effort a fraction of what it should have been. Of 435,000 men of military age the greatest number in service in any one year was 68,780 and not all of these were in service at the same time. During the summer months thirty, sixty and ninety day militia could be had with effort—and many strings attached. In the winter these returned home and Washington's command would dwindle to four or five thousand men practically incapable of active operations. Yet in the face of this situation the boom expanded. The mutterings of loyal soldiers who kept the field the year 'round and the biting comments of Washington were drowned by a taproom and banquet-hall chorus of stay-at-home strategists. The war would be over, they said, and then everyone could sun themselves in the perpetual good times that would bless the independent States. This hope, as much as any other, kept the armies fighting on. It is not human nature to acknowledge that there can be an end of a boom.

But there always is, just as there always is an end to a boom's back-swing, depression. In the autumn of 1777 when Washington's driven little band dug in at Valley Forge the first fleck appeared in the economic sky. Paper gave way under the strain of inflation and slipped from par. At first this caused no widespread alarm. Paper money was an unstable affair in most countries and the wonder was that American paper had held up as well as long as it had. Farmers and merchants merely added enough to the prices of their products to make up the depreciation. Workmen's wages were increased. The army, of course, could not adjust its pay to conform, but the army was a small drop in the bucket.

The decline continued and efforts to halt it failing, in three years the plight of our currency was chaotic. The simple expedient of giving Congress power of taxation would have been a useful remedy, but one State—Rhode Island—blocked it. Congress

The seaport cities became the focal points of an astonishing foreign trade derived from the needs of the army and of a civil population that was spending twice what it had spent before

was left with only the old expedients of borrowing and continued inflation. The rest was disastrous. Generally speaking, at the beginning of 1780 one hundred dollars in paper were worth three dollars and a half in coin, but the rate differed from State to State and town to town. A hundred dollars in paper might be worth five gold dollars in New York, two in Boston, four in Philadelphia. Speculation in currency became an occupation. Gamblers

roamed the country, buying where the market was low, selling where it was higher. Rumors were circulated to rise or depress the exchange. Prices in paper became fantastic, especially when one was selling to the Government. Washington wrote that it took a wagon load of currency to buy a wagon load of flour. Everyone spent, fearful to save money that might be worthless on the morrow. Frivolous living reached new levels.

For practical purposes the end of Continental currency came in 1781. One Saturday morning in May a Philadelphia grog-seller declined to accept it in any amount for a glass of rum. His





disappointed patrons decked their three-cornered hats with dollar bills by way of cockades. They tarred a dog, "feathered" him with currency and marched upon Independence Hall to demand of Congress "that if the opposition to Great Britain were not carried on in solid money all future resistance were in vain." Merchants closed their shops to all who could not pay in gold or silver. The paper saturnalia was over, and, by an extremely fortunate coincidence, so was the war. Cornwallis bottled himself in Yorktown and surrendered that October.

Eighteen months later, in April of 1783, peace was proclaimed. During this interim paper had ceased to circulate except among speculators, though nearly everyone had a bale of it stowed somewhere in the long-shot hope that eventually it might be redeemed for something. Shops remained well stocked with goods, however, and business brisk. There was no want of employment. This called for money and a surprising variety of coin laid away during the heyday of paper popped into sight. Except for a few coppers it was all of foreign mintage. There were English guineas, half-

guineas, crowns, shillings, sixpences and pennies; French guineas, carolins, chequins and sous; Spanish doubloons, moidores, dollars, pistoles, bits, half-bits and pistareens; miscellaneous German, Italian and Portuguese pieces. The rate at which these were translated into pounds, shillings and pence, by which American values were reckoned, differed with localities. The Spanish or Mexican dollar, later adopted as the unit of our own monetary system, was a common coin. In New England it meant six shillings, in South Carolina thirty-two. Georgia accepted it for five shillings, North Carolina and New York eight. The exchange on other coins varied in about the same degree.

THE feats of memory and mathematics required to carry on business may be imagined, but at least there was hope for the country's commerce getting back on a sound money footing. This hope came to naught, however, in (among other things) a wave of counterfeiting and clipping. With such a variety of coins to recognize and evaluate it was difficult (*Continued on page 56*)

Till We MEET

*Illustration by
Raymond Sisley*

CHANCE is said to be the patron saint of soldiers. Sometimes, during the war, it seemed to me that his whims of fancy were somewhat too grim to justify placing his name in a calendar of saints, but there is no doubt that he sometimes had his pleasant whims as well. What often surprised me was the patience and resourcefulness he showed in bringing about results that it pleased him to effect. It was, certainly, Chance in one of his most capricious moods who arranged that, twelve years after the war, I should meet two men who . . . however, let me first relate what went before.

During the month of July, 1918, I was engaged, together with several hundred other ex-defenders of the Allies' Cause, in searching for the rare and providential morsels of meat or vegetable to be found—or, more often, not to be found—in Kaiser Wilhelm's soup as it was served in the prison-camp at Karlsruhe. Much has been said of this soup, which left much in the way of nourishment to be desired. It had, however, this virtue: although it failed to satisfy the needs of the body, it enormously increased one's spiritual hunger for freedom, and this latter hunger is an excellent thing in prisoners of war.

Karlsruhe was a pretty place, the little I saw of it. The prison-camp was in the center of the town, with residential or business streets all around it. Our barracks and recreation ground were enclosed with several barriers—three if I remember rightly: an inner one of barbed wire, a high board fence, and an outer fence, also of barbed wire. It was said that the wire enclosures were highly charged with electricity, but, insofar as I know, this was never proved, experimentally, by any of the prisoners, for it was all but impossible to approach the fences without being seen. The area in that vicinity was patrolled by guards at all hours, and at night it was flooded with the white light of arc lamps. An attempt to tunnel out of the camp was frustrated with Teutonic promptitude; in fact it was foredoomed to failure, owing to the fact that there was no place in which to dispose of the earth. It required something more than the will and human ingenuity to abandon that camp. It required fern seed to make us invisible, and, as I have

implied, whatever supplies of fern seed there may have been in Germany had been commandeered by our captors to sprinkle over the meat and vegetables before they were put into our soup.

We had an unlimited supply of one thing, and that was time. I call it a "thing" because, for most of us, I believe, it came to have a sort of material reality. To me it seemed a gigantic worm that had swallowed its own tail, and, in the form of a huge circle, followed its own endless length round and round our camp. We tried to kill this monster in all the ingenious ways which prisoners



AGAIN

By James
Norman Hall

IF YOU sit in a sidewalk chair at the Café de la Paix, runs the legend, you will eventually see everybody that's anybody. James Norman Hall went much further afield after saying good-bye to a couple of fellow aviators on their way to escape from a prison-train in Germany. He found them, by the merest chance, a dozen years later and half the world apart

of war can devise, but it was quite useless. Though chopped into a thousand pieces, these would immediately reunite and creep on as before. Sometimes I thought of it, not as a worm, but as a pool of stagnant hours and days in which there was not the slightest perceptible indication of a current. To be sure, day followed night, but it was always the same day and the same night, growing more and more dingy and bedraggled as they passed and repassed.

As I have said, there were several hundreds of us at Karlsruhe:

Frenchmen, Belgians, Italians, British, and a sprinkling of Americans. We represented all branches of service, and the favorite topic of conversation was how many years longer the war would last. The optimists thought one, the pessimists three or four. Meanwhile there was always the other interesting question of how to avoid eating any longer soup for which we had so little relish.

One day I was sitting, somewhat dejectedly, on a bench on the recreation ground when I was joined by an English airman, Captain Clark, whom I knew slightly. He was a man in his middle twenties, tall, well set up, with the clear, ruddy complexion which the moist English climate engenders. I knew nothing of his record at the front, but I could easily imagine that it had been a distinguished one. He was the kind of man you single out at once in a crowd; the kind of man you would choose for a companion in a tight place.

We sat in silence for some time. Presently he said: "Can you smell anything?"

I sniffed the air for a moment.

"Do you mean the delicious odor of freedom floating over from Switzerland?" I asked.

"Precisely. I can smell it even against the wind; but I'm not quite sure; perhaps it comes from Holland."

"The nearest point to the Dutch frontier is, roughly, two hundred miles," I said.

"And the nearest point in Switzerland is about one hundred and ten," he replied. "Yes, it must come from the south. It's a most tantalizing fragrance."

"And I have no doubt that it will tantalize us for some time to come," I said. "The Germans have made this place puncture proof."

"Never admit that even to your inmost self!" he replied earnestly. "No place is puncture proof. I'm going to leave Karlsruhe."

"Goodbye," I said. "Pleasant journey and lots of luck."

He glanced at me with a faint smile. "I mean it," he said. "I don't know just how, but I'm going."

We were in the midst of this conversation when we were joined by another airman, Lieutenant Wordle — or Wordell, I'm not quite sure how he spelled his name — "Toots" Wordle, as he was known to his friends. The expression on his face told us that something had happened, even in that dull place where nothing ever happened except roll call and the so-called mealtime. We glanced

(Continued on page 51)



Through the window a figure in uniform soared with the utmost nicety of judgment. I also caught a glimpse of another figure down the side of an embankment

WATER WINGS

By
Burt M.
McConnell

IT WOULD take Charley Paddock half a minute to sprint the full length of the *Lexington's* flight deck. Which is just another way of telling you that it is three hundred yards long. Equipped as a mobile airport, the *Lexington* and her sister ship, the *Saratoga*, are the world's greatest fighting units. Not only are they the largest warships afloat and the biggest vessels of any description ever built in the United States, but they have enough speed—forty miles an hour—to outmaneuver or escape from any warship in the world that they can not defeat with their eight-inch guns. They are the hornets' nests of the American Navy; they give more defensive power per dollar than any of our other fighting vessels. With their broods of single-seaters, bombers, torpedo planes, scouts, and photographic planes, they could cruise from the California coast to Honolulu in three days—a distance of 2,625 land miles—at a speed greater than that of the *Bremen* or the *Europa*.

A week on board one of these huge aircraft carriers is a liberal education in itself. Take the *Lexington*, for example. She is the fourth ship in the Navy to bear this name. The original, a converted merchant brig, was the first American commissioned cruiser to capture a British war vessel. She had no such luxury as ice; the modern *Lexington* manufactures a thousand pounds daily and boasts an evaporating plant that will make 100,000 gallons of fresh water each day. The commander of the first *Lexington* made his weather prognostications after a squint to windward; Captain King has a meteorologist trained at Massachusetts Institute of Technology. An aerologist sends up hydrogen-filled balloons at intervals of a couple of hours and follows their course with a

theodolite to determine the direction and velocity of the wind aloft.

The hold of the Revolutionary *Lexington* was comparatively small and they hauled up the cargo with block and tackle; the modern ship has a hangar 416 by seventy feet that provides for the storage of seventy airplanes of assorted sizes. Moreover, they are brought up to the flight deck on the biggest elevator ever built—a "lift" capable of carrying six tons. The skipper of the 1775 *Lexington* shouted his orders from the quarterdeck, and they carried all over the ship; the interior communication of the 1931 *Lexington* includes 425 telephones, sixty miles of wiring, and a general announcing system consisting of 236 loud-speaker telephones. The cook of the original vessel performed on a galley stove; the food on the modern aircraft carrier is prepared on fifteen big electric ranges, and a thousand loaves of bread are baked each day in seven huge electric ovens.

HALF an hour before daybreak, the clang! clang! clang! clang! of the general alarm brings one tumbling out of bed. From the loud-speaker comes a stirring bugle call, quickly followed by the captain's request that the air officer report to the bridge immediately, and a call for the presence on deck of the plane crews. We attempt to switch on the light. Nothing doing; war maneuvers have begun and the ship has been darkened to protect her against enemy submarines. Along the corridor, however, are dim, blue battle lights. Khaki-clad figures, wearing the gold wings of the naval aviator, helmet, goggles, and life-preservers, are hurrying up to the flight deck.

It is now light enough to discern the outlines of the speedy Boeing fighters. Back of a squadron of these single-seaters come a group of larger scouts; behind them the huge bombers and torpedo planes. All of them are equipped with wheels for greater speed and maneuverability.

There is a low whine, gradually increasing in volume, as a mechanic turns over the 425-horse-power en-



"Come ahead!" The pilot gets the signal to land on the runway that tops the airplane carrier *Lexington* of the Navy. Airplanes take off at intervals of fifteen seconds

A FIGHTING POWERHOUSE

The *Lexington*, like her sister ship the *Saratoga*, generates enough electricity to supply the residential, commercial and manufacturing needs of Boston, but that's only incidental to her big job of throwing into action quickly a fleet of scouts, fighters, bombers and torpedo planes. Her complement of 1,800 men includes technicians of a bewildering variety



gine of a fighting plane. He disengages the crank, and the engine roars into life; in less than half a minute a number of them are sputtering or turning over at their maximum speed. The sun creeps up over a glassy sea as the *Lexington* is headed into the wind. The chocks are pulled

"Red-hot Papa," they call the asbestos-clad seaman who, with three fire extinguishers at hand, must rush to the aid of the pilot if a plane takes fire while on the runway

from beneath the wheels of the leading plane. Then the starter, standing perilously near the edge on the port side, dips his flag, and the trim little fighter lifts her flippers and goes skittering down the

runway. By the time she reaches the take-off she is making—with the aid of a ten mile breeze and the *Lexington's* speed of thirty miles—sixty miles an hour. With a disdainful flip of her metal tail, the little single-seater is in the air—to be followed at ten-second intervals by the two-seaters, heavy torpedo planes, and bombers. Lastly comes an amphibian—for forced landings. Nearby, on each side of the *Lexington*, are two greyhounds of the sea. It is their duty to rescue any pilot who comes to grief at the take-off.

Down below, on successive decks, the activities that one might expect to find in a small city are getting under way. For this aircraft carrier must be self-sustaining in every respect. In the

various kitchens, equipped with huge electric ranges capable of providing food for 1,800 hungry men, bacon is sizzling and coffee percolating. The bakers are putting a thousand loaves of bread in the electric ovens.

Back again on the flight deck of the *Lexington*, we find one of the queerest-looking figures one could imagine. From top to toe he is dressed in asbestos; even his gloves are made of it. At his hand are three fire-extinguishers. He is the ship's Red-hot Papa. It is his duty, if a plane catches fire, to rush in and save the pilot, who is generally strapped in his seat. Rivers of perspiration may be running down his back, but he must not take off his helmet. For accidents can happen—and happen quickly—on the after end of the flight deck.

Just below him we find the optical repairman bewailing the corrosive influence of salt air on binoculars. Two decks farther down a sturdy, blueclad figure is stirring a blazing coal fire and shoving a chunk of iron deeper in the white-hot depths of the forge. The village (of *Lexington*) blacksmith!

Nearby, a couple of acetylene welders, intent on their task, stare through amber goggles at the focal point of the blinding blue flame. Like the smithy, they are dressed in blue dungarees and a sleeveless jersey.

Forward, on the deck above, I find—of all things—a foundry! The mold is getting ready to make a casting 36 by 36 inches. The electric furnace, to the accompaniment of a racket greater than a thousand acetylene torches, is melting seventy-five pounds of aluminum alloy. Fascinated, I watch the dull red metal flow into the earthen mold.

Since one finds, on the *Lexington*, all of the facilities for the upkeep of a small city, one is not surprised to see, just around the corner, a well-equipped print shop, with two modern presses and a linotype. Here they print all the ship stationery and forms, not to mention a sixteen-page telephone directory.

Down in the main control room we find the ship's electrical officer.

"How much juice does the *Lexington* generate?" I ask.

"Enough to supply the residential, commercial, and manufacturing needs of a city the size of Boston. Or to put it another way, more than the combined rated power of the six super-dreadnaughts *New Mexico*, *California*, *Tennessee*, *Maryland*, *Colorado* and *West Virginia*."

(Continued on page 50)

Step Up and Meet *The* SECRETARY *of the* EXTERIOR

By Fairfax Downey
Cartoon by John Cassel

HE IS NOT in the Cabinet, although the President of the United States, like any other big executive, has his confidential and private secretary of the exterior who spends hours every day being personal with eager aspirants to disturb the boss's privacy and sell him something.

There are few people more exclusive than a good secretary of the exterior. Those who attempt to enter the interior past this guardian of the gate recognize in him a descendant of Leonidas and his Spartans at the Pass of Thermopylae or of Horatius at the Bridge. Almost everything has been tried from frontal attack to infiltration and enfilading fire.

A break-through is possible. It can be done, and over the secretary's live body. He holds his job by virtue of the fact that he knows whom to let in as well as whom to keep out.

The art of getting in to see a Big Shot in Business is no mean one. Information on its practice here gathered was derived from a number of secretaries, including those holding the line for the heads of one of the largest corporations in the country and one of the big national banks. It may be said to be a cross-section of not in the least cross secretaries.

For these buffers and interpreters for important men of commerce are models of courtesy and open-mindedness as a rule and not innately hostile. Sorely tried they may be at times, but they manage to maintain their hospitable attitude toward any legitimate caller. There is reason enough for it, too. You might be an important customer, and often important customers look like anything but. Or you might have a really good idea to present. And how would the boss feel if he learned that some happy thought had been turned away from his door to land later with a competitor?

A few years ago the president of a large Eastern college (and college presidents are easier to see, as a rule, than heads of big industries) saw ushered into his office a shabby, elderly man who seemed to be tongue-tied. The president proceeded courteously to put him at his ease, wondering in his heart the while how much of his busy day the obviously unimportant visitor was going to take up. The stranger, in halting phrases, finally managed to get rid of the information that he wanted to give the college half a million dollars for a new chemical laboratory and wasn't sure just how to go about it.

The secretaries of the exterior hold a golden key. The secret of persuading them to let you turn it may lie in an examination of how they think and work.

In the first place there are certain elemental points which have been mentioned so frequently they are as commonplace as beans at an army mess. Yet they are forgotten often enough to require repeated emphasis.

Make a neat appearance or you may be beaten before you start. It's the old story of asking the first sergeant's permission to speak to the company commander, since secretaries are like top kickers, only politer. In army or

business, the applicant who is overdue for a shave is prejudicing his petition.

"Once I admitted a fellow who needed a shave to see the boss," remarked the secretary to a big banker. "I could see the chief inspecting those whiskers disapprovingly all through the interview. Attention was divided. Another man short a shave failed to put his proposition across at the first interview. The next call he was policed up and he got it over. He could have done it the first time."

An appearance neat but not gaudy and a pleasing personality count—no mistake about that. Then know your stuff. Be able to present your proposition attractively and concisely.

"If a man can't outline his idea in fifteen minutes or less," the secretary to the president of a vast corporation declared, "I'll listen to him no longer. And that's all I'll allow him with the boss."

On the other hand, don't hold out on the secretary. Be frank and try no camouflage on him. He is delegated and competent to put matters before his superior. And nothing so jogs the guardian of the gate out of his habitual courtesy as a trick tried to get past him.

A good secretary is aware of all the dodges. When a caller asks to see the chief in reference to "shrinkage of estates" the mental reply of the secretary is, "Take off that false beard. I know you're an insurance solicitor." The mentioner of



A COURSE ON HOW TO GET IN TO SEE THE BIG SHOT, COMPLETE IN ONE LESSON

"annuities" might better declare right out that he has a plan for reducing the boss's income tax. If the applicant's business with the head of the firm is "personal and confidential" and cannot be revealed to the secretary, a suspicion that the affair is bootlegging springs full panoplied from the secretarial brow. And for such contingencies, as in most others, the secretary probably has his instructions one way or the other.

Play square with the man at the barrier. If you tell him you won't take more than five minutes of his time, stick to it. A book agent who made such a promise stretched it to twenty minutes. Then he retreated in hot haste. The secretary, who wore the button of a Legionnaire, seemed to be about to stage a spirited counter-attack.

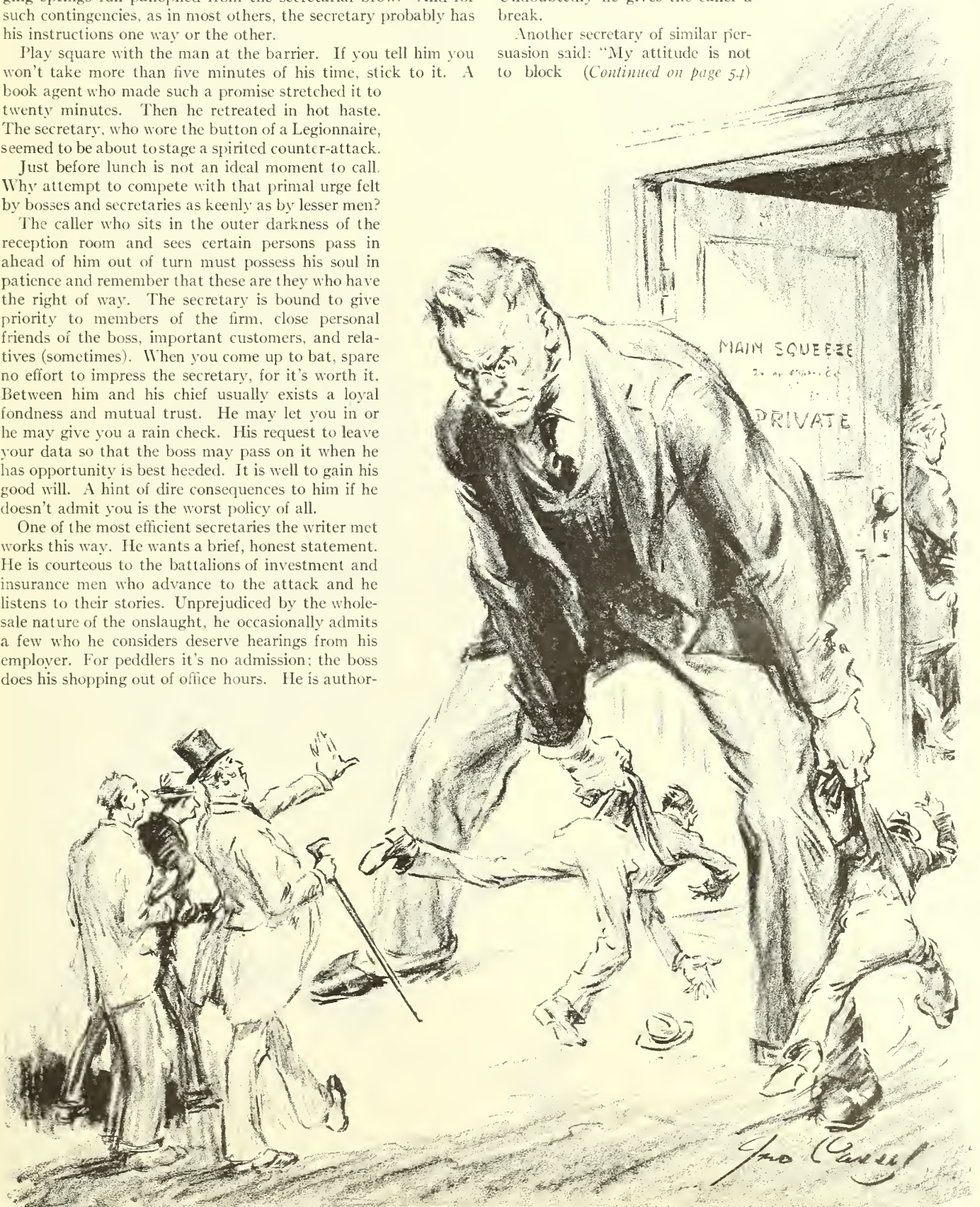
Just before lunch is not an ideal moment to call. Why attempt to compete with that primal urge felt by bosses and secretaries as keenly as by lesser men?

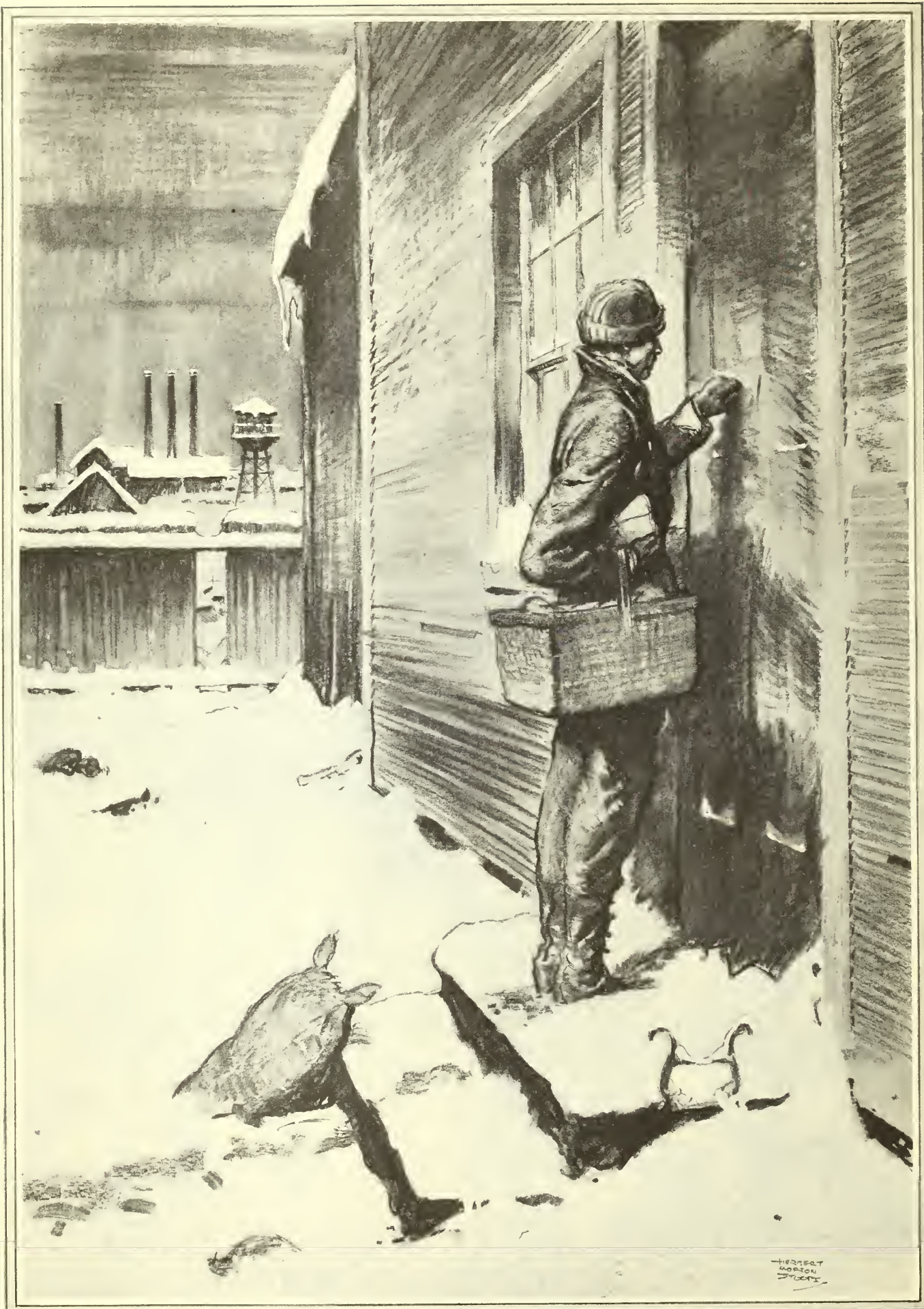
The caller who sits in the outer darkness of the reception room and sees certain persons pass in ahead of him out of turn must possess his soul in patience and remember that these are they who have the right of way. The secretary is bound to give priority to members of the firm, close personal friends of the boss, important customers, and relatives (sometimes). When you come up to bat, spare no effort to impress the secretary, for it's worth it. Between him and his chief usually exists a loyal fondness and mutual trust. He may let you in or he may give you a rain check. His request to leave your data so that the boss may pass on it when he has opportunity is best heeded. It is well to gain his good will. A hint of dire consequences to him if he doesn't admit you is the worst policy of all.

One of the most efficient secretaries the writer met works this way. He wants a brief, honest statement. He is courteous to the battalions of investment and insurance men who advance to the attack and he listens to their stories. Unprejudiced by the wholesale nature of the onslaught, he occasionally admits a few who he considers deserve hearings from his employer. For peddlers it's no admission; the boss does his shopping out of office hours. He is author-

ized to pass personally on plans for office ventilation improvement, telephone extension, and the rosy dreams of efficiency experts—he has talents in that line himself. Of such matters as pension schemes he makes a digest to put before his chief. Undoubtedly he gives the caller a break.

Another secretary of similar persuasion said: "My attitude is not to block (Continued on page 54)"





"INASMUCH—"

See important announcement, page twenty

The BUSINESS in HAND

by James F. Barton

National Adjutant

INDIANAPOLIS is somewhere near the geographical center of population of the United States. As the capital city of The American Legion, it is located approximately where the founders of the nation might have placed the city of Washington had they been able to look forward a century and more. It is interesting to remember that in 1919, when The American Legion at its first national convention held in Minneapolis balloted upon the selection of a National Headquarters city, Indianapolis won over Washington, D. C., by the narrow margin of eighteen votes. The wisdom of the choice made in 1919 was never better demonstrated than in a middle week of this last November.

In this week there gathered in Indianapolis one of the strongest and most representative groups of Legionnaires ever brought together outside a national convention. Just as the Legion as a whole is a cross section of the country's entire population, so was this gathering of three hundred Legionnaires a true cross section of the leadership of The American Legion in every State between the Atlantic and the Pacific and the Legion's outposts. With no distractions, such as they might have encountered had they been meeting in the nation's capital, these Legionnaires, in the Legion's National Headquarters Building on Indiana's \$12,000,000 World

FOR 1932: Continued protection to war disabled and their dependents, jobs for the unemployed through efforts of local posts, and the greatest Legion in history

War Memorial Plaza, drew up the battle orders for their organization in 1932, determined the preferred legislation which the Legion will seek in Congress and determined also the main activities in which the 10,000 posts will engage in the new year.

There was, first, the National Executive Committee, composed of one representative from each State and foreign division—fifty-eight in all. Traditionally and actually, each department contributes to it an able leader who has risen by conspicuous service in departmental affairs. The National Executive Committee met for two days and under the leadership of National Commander Henry L. Stevens, Jr., of North Carolina, decided how the National Legislative Committee, the National Rehabilitation Committee, the National Defense Committee, the National Employment Commission and other permanent Legion agencies shall carry out the tasks assigned by the Detroit national convention.

As the National Executive Committee was departing, there assembled the Commanders and Adjutants of the fifty-seven Legion departments, and with them the Rehabilitation Service Officer of each department. The Commanders and Adjutants met for three days. In the same week there met in Indianapolis also the National Finance Committee, the Directors of the

Legion Publishing Corporation, the National Americanism Commission, the National Child Welfare Committee and the leaders of the National Rehabilitation Committee and the Forty and Eight.

General James G. Harbord, second only to General Pershing as a leader of the A. E. F. and now chairman of the board of the Radio Corporation of America, addressed the National Executive Committee after attending the meetings of the Board of Directors of the Legion Publishing Corporation to which he recently accepted an appointment. Saying that his first trip to Indianapolis after long service as a private in the Legion had been an educational one, General Harbord added:

"Your deliberations here cannot help but be of benefit to the whole nation. In all seriousness, if the President of the United States could attend a session of this committee, I am sure that he would find it well worth his while to get your opinions, representing as you do the best opinions in every State."

Outstanding, with the programs adopted, was the report that the Legion had made an overwhelmingly strong start on membership for 1932. The total for 1931 was 53,000 over one million. By telegraphic roll call while the Commanders and Adjutants were meeting it was shown that on November 10th the early enrolment for 1932 had reached the total of 333,102, or 96,123 more than were enrolled on the corresponding day of last year. Wisconsin reported that it had enrolled 22,292 members, 73 percent of its entire membership in the year just ended. Illinois and New York reported enrolments of 20,000 each. Equally encouraging was the report of the National Finance Committee, which showed that the Legion is in stronger position financially than ever before in its history.

National Commander Stevens thanked the representatives of all the States for the membership showing, which insures the Legion undiminished strength for new tasks and old ones. "My heart goes out to you in grateful appreciation for this magnificent showing," he said. "God knows, this is the answer to our critics. Many said that on account of our sacrificial program adopted at Detroit our membership would drop. This showing ought to be written in letters of gold across the papers of the country. The American Legion is doing the job that is cut out for it."

Past National Commander James A. Drain, who headed the Legion's campaign six years ago which produced an endowment fund of more than \$5,000,000 to insure proper performance of the Legion's duty to the disabled and the orphans of service men, in an address to the National Executive Committee praised the report of the Legion's National Employment Commission adopted at the Detroit convention as a comprehensive system which calls for the full support of every post. In discussions it was emphasized that employment relief will rank second only to the Legion's program for the disabled in the new year.

The program for the disabled calls for aggressive efforts in Congress to obtain the enactment of a series of amendments to the World War Veterans Act, the first and (Continued on page 54)

FIRST AID To *The* MAN NEXT DOOR



REPORTS to the November meeting of the Legion's National Executive Committee gave convincing proof that the whole Legion has made the economic crisis the supreme item of unfinished business in its 1931-32 endeavor for community welfare. For the Legion appreciates to the full that the employment situation is in its essence a local problem—one to be handled *by* the community *for* the community. Posts everywhere are responding to the crisis, stimulated by the announcement in last month's issue of this magazine of The American Legion Monthly Employment Competition. First entries in the competition, which will be published in the February issue, will provide an exciting picture of an aroused Legion in action against the pillboxes of depression, hardship and want.

To the post of The American Legion submitting the most workable, most adaptable local program for meeting the unemployment crisis The American Legion Monthly will award an original bronze sculpture, to be the permanent possession of the winning post, to be displayed forever in such manner as the successful post sees fit—in the local post quarters, in such a civic center as the town hall, public library, or community building, or on some outdoor site. This award has been made possible through the fine co-operation of Robert Aitken, sculptor, who will design and model the piece, and of the Gorham Company, which will make the casting from Mr. Aitken's design, as their respective contributions to the cause of Legion unemployment relief.

The contest will continue as long as the need for the dissemination of practical ideas for meeting the crisis exists. The Legion's response, however, should be immediate—the quicker the ideas are available, the quicker can other posts throughout America adapt them to their local situations.

Plans must be both *workable* and *adaptable*. They must have demonstrated their usefulness in concrete results. And they must, in their main features, be of a type that can be copied, with equal practicality, by other posts of The American Legion—or, for that matter, by civic groups of any character who are active locally in unemployment relief. Only two kinds of plans are automatically excluded. One is the kind that does not work. The other is the kind that meets such a highly specialized local situation that by its very nature it could not be put to good service in any other locality. Statistics are relatively unimportant—do not be kept back by the fact that yours is a small community with a less impressive unemployment census than the large industrial centers can show. Your idea may be precisely what the larger centers are waiting for.

How the plan is to be submitted to the Monthly is for every competing post to determine. The chairman of the post employment committee, a qualified post officer, or a duly deputed mem-

ber may draw up the details, as the post sees fit. The Monthly asks only that the program be outlined in not more than three hundred words, and that every outline submitted bear the attest of the post commander and the post adjutant. Supplementary data may be submitted to amplify the outline.

The Monthly is not seeking a cure-all to the unemployment problem. It simply wants to open its columns to an exchange of practical ideas.

Next month the Monthly will be able to publish a reproduction of Mr. Aitken's preliminary study for the sculpture which will be awarded to the prize-winning post at the end of the contest. Mr. Aitken has just completed the Pioneer Lumberman's Memorial which will be dedicated next spring at Huron National Park in Michigan, where the United States Government is carrying on an extensive reforestation project. Here, on the shores of the Ausable River, where traces of an old-time log-chute are still visible, the Pioneer Lumberman's Memorial will stand forever as a bronze tribute to the men who served King Log. All the phases of the industry are represented in the memorial. In the center is the land-cruiser, compass in hand, exploring the vast primeval woodlands in search of good standing timber. At his left is the axeman, inspecting a tree before the felling operation begins. At the land-cruiser's right is the riverman, ready to start the logs toward planing mill and civilization.

INCIDENTALLY, Mr. Aitken thinks there is a good chance to provide a few hours' work in thousands of American communities if some organization like the Legion would take the lead in initiating a campaign for the cleaning of statues and memorials. A monument, be it bronze, granite, or whatnot, is cleaned in exactly the same manner as the kitchen floor—with water, soap-powder, a stiff brush and elbow grease as needed.

This suggestion comes with especial grace from Mr. Aitken for the reason that back in 1923 he gave considerable help to many hundreds of American communities which were in doubt as to the types of war memorials they should erect. In a series of three articles published in The American Legion Weekly, he advised Legion posts, assisting their towns to obtain war memorials, that beauty is the most precious ingredient that can be put into a memorial, and that without it bronze is not truly imperishable. Mr. Aitken's many practical suggestions on the selection of the type of memorial and the choice of site were advanced at a time when local committees were being tempted to buy mediocre statues of standardized design at bargain prices. Largely as the result of frank expositions by Mr. Aitken and other sculptors, local committees and the public generally began to insist that community memorials should meet recognized artistic requirements, so that the country has not seen a revival of the cast iron



Robert Aitken, N.A., seated before the Pioneer Lumberman's Memorial which he has just completed and which will be dedicated next spring at Huron National Park in Michigan. Legionnaire Aitken is at work on the design of the sculpture which will be given the winning post in the Legion's national employment competition

soldiery of post Civil War days. The design which Mr. Aitken is executing for the competition will be in line with his precepts.

The editors of *The American Legion Monthly* and the members of the Legion's National Employment Commission will act as judges in the contest, although the roster of judges may be increased as the contest progresses. This detail, like the final form of the award, has not yet been decided on. The *Monthly* has deliberately announced the contest before the complete details have been worked out for the plain reason that empty

stomachs cannot wait to be filled. For this reason the *Monthly* urges every post that plans to enter the contest to submit its outline *now* so that it can do immediate good. The same post can submit a later report without prejudice to its standing in the contest. The *Monthly* wants results—the contest idea itself is frankly secondary.

Send in your post's program *now*. Address Employment Competition, *The American Legion Monthly*, 521 Fifth Avenue, New York.

The OLD New



A Personal View by FREDERICK PALMER

IF, AFTER a day's blind travel, you opened your eyes on fields fenced by stone walls and upon quiet, broad streets of old villages shaded by old elms, you would know that you were in New England; and if on orange groves in the sight of snow-clad mountains, you would know that you were in California. Or the hot light of blast furnaces and flame-bursts from smokestacks would tell you that you were in a steel region. A glance would tell you just as quickly that you were in the land of cotton or wheat, and whether the river you were crossing was the Hudson or the Colorado, and whether you were near the source or the mouth of the Mississippi.

Differences of climate, products, and geographical boundaries divide this varied country of ours into several distinctive sections. Some of the sections are old, some middle-aged, some young. All are today sharing a common thought in a national concern more intense than any since war days. It is how to defeat the "depression"—a high-toned word for what our forefathers used to call a "spell of hard times"—and win back national prosperity; how to hasten the glad hour when men who are now tramping the streets and roads looking for jobs will be joyously entering stores with money in their pockets.

We have realized afresh how interdependent we are as individuals, communities, States, and sections. Prosperity in one section means a market for more goods from the other sections. One section may learn something of value in how another is solving its problems.

It is in the get-together spirit of 1917-18 that I am taking a swift look around the country. My first bird's eye view is of that clearly defined section which we call "old New England." It has two percent of the area of the United States and seven percent of the population.

We were accustomed to hearing even in good times that New England faced a dismal prospect. More of her farms were being abandoned; she was losing her textile industry to the South; her factories were too far from the sources of raw material and their markets; Yankeeland of "git up and git" was suffering generally from the slowing-down processes that go with old age. So it was easy to conclude that in the present hard times New England must be in a very bad way indeed.

Yet, after the depression had been going on for many months and reports of bank failures, bankruptcies, and long queues on the bread lines did not come in from New England, the word began to circulate that not only was New England not so hard hit as many other parts of the country, but that she was the first to show signs of recovery.

For the first eight months of 1931 there were only seven bank failures in New England: four in Massachusetts, two in Connecticut, and one in Maine. There was none in Rhode Island,

New Hampshire, and Vermont. New England's finances were so sound that she had no need of the President's five hundred million dollar revolving fund.

*Decorations by
Vincent Adams*

England SPIRIT

NEW ENGLAND knows that the sky is cloudy, but it's fighting its way through and sees a glimmer of light on the dark horizon. Things are better off there than in the country as a whole, Frederick Palmer found when he made a survey of the six States—town, village and countryside as well as large industrial and commercial centers

And here are other figures for the first eight months of 1931, which I have at the time of writing, in comparison with those of 1930. New England bank clearings decreased only 17.9 percent compared to 22.8 for the rest of the United States; building contracts 10.6 compared to 32; car-loadings 12.7 to 18.6; life insurance sales 7.4 to 16.9.

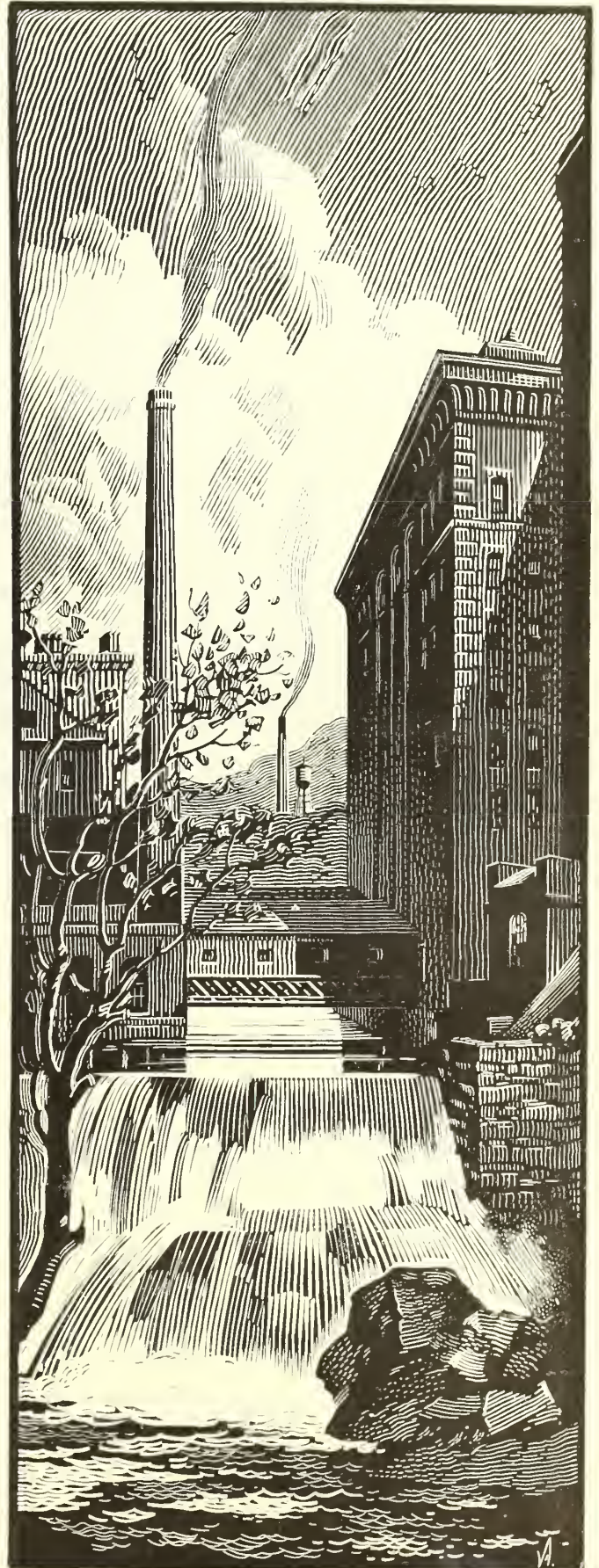
In one item, however, New England had a decrease while the rest of the country had an increase. New England had 6.6 percent fewer business failures compared to the average elsewhere of an increase of 12.9 percent. New England's boot and shoe production increased 9.3 compared to 2.27 percent; and her electric power production increased slightly compared to 5.1 decrease for the rest of the country.

If New England had not risen so high in boom times as other sections, she had not so far to descend in hard times. Her pioneers of the rock-bound coast, who gathered the stone in the walls in order to make the reluctant hillsides tillable, faced grim facts in a grim winter climate which had no lure of gold or quick riches. All they got they must work hard for, and they must learn how to save. The inherited quality of Yankee thrift and foresight represented natural preparation for the present crisis, which took concrete form in an organization distinctive of its kind.

Together, the six New England States form an industrial as well as a traditional entity. In 1925, when New England was aware she might miss her share of the rising prosperity, the six governors met and formed a Council. Its part was like that of the Council of National Defense of Cabinet members for the war; and it had at its service a body of experts which played the same part as the Advisory Commission. These experts represented every activity in all the six States, from manufacturing to fishing and hotel-keeping.

New England would "git up and git" to keep all she had and to get more. She would capitalize every resource she had, including her age and her historical landmarks. She would make New England a pleasanter place to live in, so as to hold her own people and to lead her paying guests to come again. The Middle West might make the automobile, but New England would have the roads and cheery inns as a magnet to draw the cars eastward. New York's commuters should find Connecticut the best location for their rural homes, and all America find New England's mountains and long-indented seashore the best location for summer homes. That old civilization has the host's kindliness to a stranger.

"It's six blocks and a very agreeable walk," said a citizen of Springfield when I asked the way to the railroad station. As a matter of fact it was past warehouses, (Continued on page 48)





The MASTER

A Novel by
IRVING BACHELLER

CHAPTER SEVEN

In Which Pat Has a Desperate Adventure
and Boston is Evacuated

SOON after she left the wagon that night the high-born, disguised beauty was to feel the spirit of old Mother Enslow guiding and protecting her. The "apple woman" had done much for the comfort of the rough, hard-minded men in both armies. Her gifts and prayers had smoothed her way and made a host of friends who trusted her. She carried no tales coming or going. The harmless, kindly woman was a unique figure on the line.

The regiments defending Roxbury Neck had been reviewed that afternoon by General Howe, who had succeeded Gage as commander of the port. The review had been followed by a bull baiting and a dog fight. Now a great bonfire was burning, in the light of which hundreds of men were gathered around two soldiers engaged in a boxing match. As the "apple woman" was passing an Irish sergeant came and led her aside, saying in a whisper:

"Mother, I have just come off the line. Orders are out to strip an' search ye. It's a shame. We know that ye are no spy."

They were back in the shadows. Pat was able to imitate successfully the voice of Mother Enslow when she said: "God bless ye, boy! My clothes are not as clean as my soul. I'll have to go back an' do some washing. There's an old maxim, boy. The nearer the skin the prouder the woman. Old an' young are all alike. May God love and keep ye," she added, as she gave the boy a shilling and left him.

She walked slowly at first but hurried when well away in the darkness. Men were returning from town to the camp in varying stages of intoxication. Some of them stopped her, but the look,



of CHAOS

Men were returning from town to the camp in varying stages of intoxication. Some of them stopped her

dress and name of Mother Enslow gave her ample protection. One of the men walked with her to the gate of the Sherman house, telling her of suddenly getting "soul conviction" in a bawdy house.

Pat was in the room above stairs called "the chamber of sin" with Mrs. Sherman. The girl was changing her garments. She stood almost naked, telling of her strange adventure in the British camp. She had bathed and was drawing on her stockings. She was now the radiant, merry-hearted Pat Fayerweather.

"It was a mad venture," said the woman. "If those young men had seen your body, the effect of it would not have been like that of the prayers of Mother Enslow. I do not wonder that Father Jerome forbade Paulina to look at her naked body. Yours would put a saint in jeopardy."

"And here it is withering like a picked rose," Pat answered with a laugh. "What's the use of it? Damn the British army! It keeps me from the one man—the big, dear man I love."

She picked up her gold-buckled slipper and flung it across the room with a pretty indignation in her eyes, adding: "Must I always be content with the admiration of women?"

She laughed as she drew the strings on her wide waist-band, saying: "If I ever get my hands on him again, he shall not escape. I am like Richard when he yelled for a horse, and may the good God forgive me."

The women of that time were like the men. In print their piety was exemplary and unadulterated. In private talk it was mingled with Eighteenth Century frankness. It would be bad manners for even the historian thus to invade the privacy of two ladies were he not governed by a sense of duty in making his readers know the people of whom he writes.

"Now I shall have to do some lying," said Pat as, having finished dressing, she sat while a maid was adjusting the pins that held her hair. "You and I have spent the afternoon and evening knitting for the dear British soldiers—bad luck to them! Now that it is over you will not mind how you spend the day so it be in a good cause."

"Oh, not at all, I'm an obliging liar and may the Lord forgive us. There's an old saying, you know, that He smiles at the lies of women."

"Why not? He knows that we have never had a fair chance in

this old world of His. Sometimes I think that I'd rather be a cock sparrow than a woman."

"We are a down-trodden lot," said Mrs. Sherman. "We have to take what's offered and be content and unsatisfied. I'll ring for the chaise to take you home."

"Home life in the Colonies!" Pat exclaimed, laughing. "Cod-fish and stale beef and pious prayers for King George before and after eating! Clinton and Howe laughing at Washington's army! I wonder why they do not fight it."

Before Pat went away two British officers called, looking for Mother Enslow. They were permitted to search the house.

The sergeant of the regiment of Grenadiers had begun to suspect the Mother Enslow whom he had met that evening. In her presence he had missed something. The woman he saw and heard was like Mother Enslow and yet different. As he thought of the meeting he wondered why his mind would give him no rest in the matter. That he had missed was a thing not to be seen or heard. It was no doubt the spiritual aura that sur-

Soon the peaceful folk of the town were in a panic. A man who lived on the Neck looking through a spy glass from the top of his house, had discovered signs of activity on Dorchester Heights. The Heights had been taken by the Yankees without loss in a curious and ingenious manner. Their column had advanced behind wheelbarrows loaded high with bound hay to screen them. Then barrels of sand were hauled to the top of the slopes to be rolled down upon the charging British regiments. It was a formidable plan of defence.

Rumors of a bombardment were flying through the city. The British army officers gave them no credit, in the belief that Washington had not cannon enough to be a menace.

The Fayerweathers were aboard the flagship of the fleet in the harbor on a visit to Admiral Shuldham when Washington's cannon, from Dorchester Heights to East Cambridge, opened fire on the defences in front of them. It was the clever Pat who was responsible for this flagship party. She had had a hint from Revere. Pat's maid had deserted her in the panic and so "Enslow," as she



rounded the remarkable woman known as "Mother Enslow." He had begun to tell of his suspicion, and a man hearing of it had told of meeting the "apple woman" and of taking her to the Sherman house and of having a like misgiving. So it came about that Mrs. Sherman and her home were thereafter closely watched. The consequences might have been serious a month earlier.

One day soon after, while visiting the British hospital, Pat came upon Mother Enslow, who was nursing the sick. They had a talk together. The former "apple woman" won the affection of the fashionable young lady. Within a week the old "mother" of the armies, shorn, trimmed and neatly dressed, had become a chambermaid in the Fayerweather mansion. Since the war began, wealthy Loyalists had lost many servants and their domestic affairs were sorely deranged. So it came about that Pat, feeling the need of friendly consolation in her own home, found it in the company of Mother Enslow.



had now come to be called, went with them to serve in that capacity.

That night of March 4, 1776, from dark to daylight, the big guns from Ticonderoga bellowed and sheets of flame were leaping upward along the seven-mile line of Washington. It was a night of terror. Cannon balls splashed into the harbor. One of them tore through the rigging of a ship and splintered a mast. An order was given to weigh anchor and hoist sails and move out of range. This was done. After daylight when the firing had ceased, Admiral Shuldham returned to his anchorage. An officer climbed to the mast head and with his glass noted the extent of the disaster. A big redoubt, built in the night, now crowned the Heights

of Dorchester. Many of the British works were destroyed. The city itself had suffered little damage.

The admiral informed General Howe that unless the enemy was dislodged he could not occupy the harbor. That afternoon Howe took 3000 men to Castle Island for an attack, but it was held in check by a great storm. Before an advance was possible, Washington had so strengthened and extended his works that Howe abandoned his plan. Then he offered to embark his army and leave the city uninjured if permitted to do so without molestation. The proposal was not signed, but the Commander of the patriots had no doubt of its sincerity. His supply of powder had been shortened by the cannonade and, desiring to save the city, he let the British go in peace.

The bombardment continued for three nights. No one on the flagship had been allowed to go ashore. The important Loyalists

he said. "The sea will keep ataxin' 'em. The sea is the great king an' he's a helpin' of us. He'll wear 'em out."

As he gazed through his glass he muttered in a meditative tone, "Three thousan' miles o' wind an' water. All kinds o' trouble in the fore-tops. The pox above board, the plague between decks, rotten meat an' sick horses below. Hell in the fo'castle. The Devil at the helm. The sea'll wear 'em out."

As they left the gigantic Snoach Amos said, "I guess that man takes his snuff out o' a horse bucket. I were kind o' expectin' of him to take a ship's anchor from his pocket an' twirl it around in the air. I'll never wrastle with him."



Returning, they found preparations in progress for breaking camp.

The shifting backgrounds of war had broken many threads of hope. That between the two lovers was now badly strained. The mind of the girl was like a pot boiling with the heat of her indignation. The international issues were to her a matter of minor importance. It had been clearly the duty of the British army to surrender and cease to delay peace and happy weddings.

In Halifax the Fayerweathers lived at a tavern for a time and presently settled in a furnished house. Among their first guests was General Sir Guy Carleton, lately arrived from Quebec. At table Pat sat at his side. He was one of the handsomest and most gallant officers in the British army. His generous conduct in seeking and befriending the wounded Montgomery had no doubt some effect

on the mind of his comrade, the brave Benedict Arnold.

"I am tired of this stupid war," said Pat with a smile, as she raised her glass of sherry. "I hate the British army. It has ruined me but—your health, sir."

"Your health, dear girl. I have never seen a more charming ruin. It is a cheering sight. I hear that you are in love with a Yankee soldier."

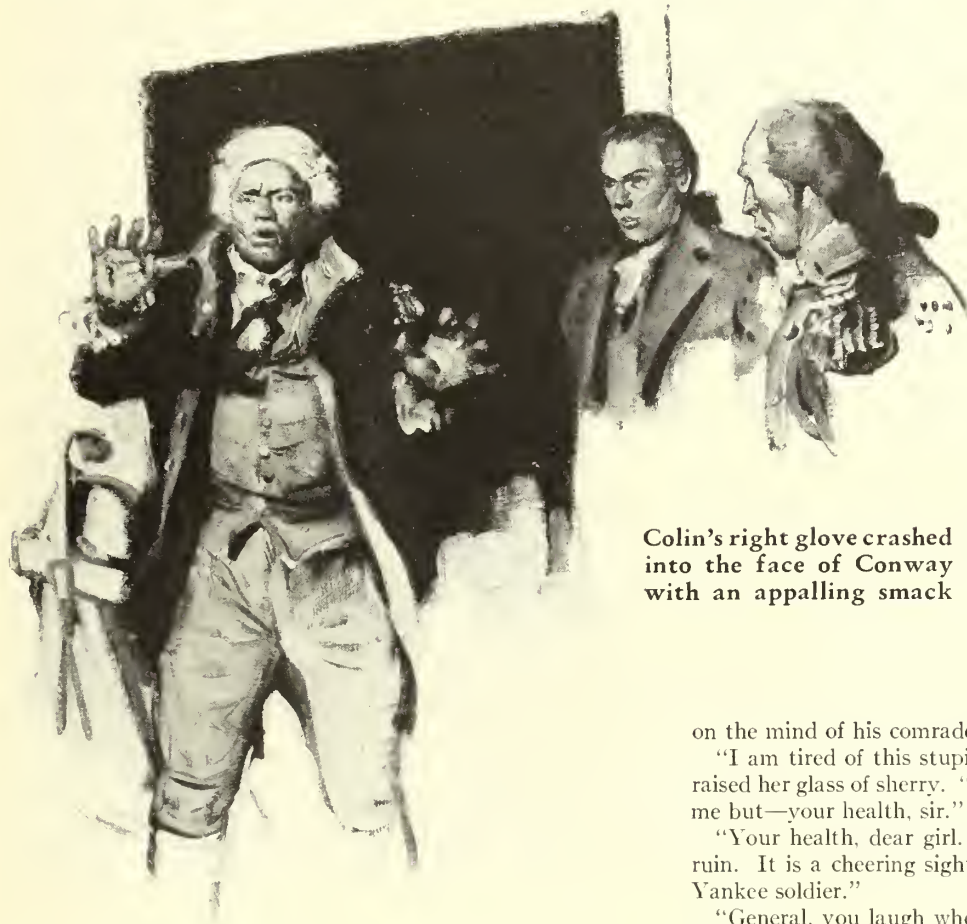
"General, you laugh when you ought to be weeping. I am in love—doubly in love with one man and with many men. I feel like scolding you. Think of what you are doing. Ten thousand love stories have been interrupted by the King's behavior. War is the great love-killer and you know as well as I do that love is the only thing worth while in this world. We don't want to fight. We ask only to be let alone in this country that we have made with our own hands, through hardships of which you know nothing. You cross the ocean to force your will upon us. You propose to ruin the bodies of our men and break the hearts of our women until we yield."

The gallant general would enter upon no argument with a lady. In the Eighteenth Century a gentleman never argued with ladies. His answer to a female's argument was likely to be a good-natured laugh ending in a word of flattery or a merry jest.

CHAPTER VIII

Devoted Mostly to Colin's Temptation and His Adventure with New Enemies of America.

ON HIS return Colin reported to General Washington. The Commander-in-Chief showed no elation. He sat at his desk and listened to his young friend with the calm, stately dignity which was always the distinguishing feature of his decorum. But his face was no longer shadowed with anxiety. He



Colin's right glove crashed into the face of Conway with an appalling smack

in town came aboard with their luggage and as soon as the storm abated, the Admiral found an anchorage far out of range and lay to while the army was embarking on other ships. So it befell that the Fayerweathers and some nine hundred Loyalists sailed for Halifax with the British army on the seventeenth of March.

Captains Amos Farnsworth and Colin Cabot rode into the almost deserted city with their regiment the day following the evacuation, to explore it and report to the Commander-in-Chief. They found large stores of food and ammunition which the overcrowded ships had not been able to accommodate.

The big houses were all deserted save by hired caretakers living in the stables. From one of these Colin learned that the Fayerweathers had gone with the Admiral of the fleet.

The young man turned to Amos with a groan as they rode away, saying: "My heart is about as dead and lonely as the city. I begin to fear that I shall not see her again."

"Cheer up, my son, which it ain't no time to be feelin' poorly," Amos answered. "The war will soon be over. They don't want to play with us no more."

The two captains went to the fish market and found the old sea god, Ebenezer Snoach, who stood with his spy-glass eyeing the far horizon in the east. "They'll go with the wind north'ard,"

smiled cordially when he thanked the captain and said: "I have the pleasure to address you for the first time as Colonel Cabot. My first order is that you give yourself the rest you need. After the arduous labors of the last week, in which your industry and valor have been an example to the troops, I wish you to retire to your room until you feel restored. I think that Mrs. Washington has something to say to you in the library and I would suggest that you see her before you go above stairs."

A little later Colin was sitting with Lady Washington.

"Pat must have gone away in a British ship," he said.

"Yes. I have news for you," the Lady answered with a smile. For a moment she knitted in silence as if his eager curiosity were a source of satisfaction. She added:

"You will remember Nancy Woodbridge?"

"No man could forget that form of Venus and those big, blue eyes and red cheeks and golden hair," he answered.

"You stop!" she commanded with a look of mingled reproof and amusement. "Remember you must behave yourself! She is *terribly* good looking."

"Have you seen her?"

"Yes. Pat sent her here. It was her last resort or, of course, she would not have sent a female envoy so young and beautiful. She and her brother came this morning on a pair of lovely black horses, having ridden all night. She brought this letter with her for you."

Colin took the letter and eagerly broke its seal. It told of her plan to get her family aboard ship—and breathed her love and longing for him.

When he had read the letter to her, Lady Washington laughed, saying, "Poor child! I know how she feels. I am old and you are young. I have seen a lot of this world. We women know better than to put too much trust in each other. I am going to look after you. Nancy and her brother have enlisted. She is to work in the hospital."

"My dear Lady Washington, I am no weathercock swaying in every fickle wind. Neither you nor Pat can have any reason to worry about me."

"Only one. You are a *man*, and men do not know as much as we do. I have said enough.

Go directly to your room and get your rest. When you want food pull the bell and it will be sent to you."

For days the young man

had been on the new redoubt, working in fevered haste and in constant expectation of a charge. His regiment had helped in placing the fascines and in filling gabions. They were under fire with aching ears and smothered sick by smoke of nearby cannon. He went to bed and the people below stairs saw no more of him until Mrs. Washington's maid called him an hour before dinner next day.

"You are expected at dinner, sir," she said at the door. "There will be a large party, sir."

A negro brought a tub and hot and cold water for his bath. The party was to be an official celebration of the retreat of the British before the guns hauled from Ticonderoga over the hills and valleys and placed on Dorchester Heights.

Below were the staff officers and their wives, John and Mrs. Adams, Nancy Woodbridge and her brother and a number of the best people of Cambridge gathered in the great hall and parlor, talking of the retreat as they waited for dinner to be announced. Mrs. Washington took Colin's arm and introduced him to the company as "Colonel Cabot," whereupon he received many congratulations.

"You will follow Mr. and Mrs. Adams into the dining room with Nancy Woodbridge," said Lady Washington. "We shall all march once around the table and then find our places. You

may not know that Mr. Woodbridge is a rich man, who moved out of Boston before the British came, to his stock farm on the hills. He has helped us with money. He is an importer and breeder of horses and cattle that go to every colony."

"Nancy Woodbridge! Where is she?"

"Surrounded by officers, of course! The old bucks! We will charge through them and rescue her."

Nancy, who had been chatting merrily with some members of

the staff, grew serious at seeing the young man. A little shadow of embarrassment crossed her face and was gone. The color in her cheeks deepened.

"We meet—again," she said as he took her hand. "Do you remember the night you left us?"

"As if it were yesterday. I remember the kindness of your mother and father and often I have thought of your beauty and your merry words."

They chatted gaily of Pat for a few minutes.

Nancy had not the charming manner ennobled by intellectual graces which characterized Pat Fayerweather. Her greatest attraction was a physique tall, lithe, beautiful in its color and perfect symmetry. In the moulding of her face

and form Nature had done a bit of fashioning which would have delighted the old Greeks. The color of her hair and cheeks and lips and eyes would have given them regret that they knew not the art of painting. Martha Washington had rightly divined that a rather dangerous individual had come into camp.

Dinner was announced. The staff officers and their wives were forming in line behind General and Mrs. Washington. Colin offered his arm to Nancy. They took their places behind Mr. and Mrs. Adams, who followed the brigadiers. The procession started. General Putnam led it, bearing the first union flag. Its device of thirteen stripes with the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew in the upper left hand corner, acknowledging that the colonies were still a part of the British Empire, streamed out behind him. He was followed by a fife and drum. The stately procession marched once around the long table and came to rest. Dr. Langdon offered the invocation and they sat down. It was a feast like those at Mount Vernon in better days, with roasted ham and shoulders of mutton carved on the sideboards and served with jams and jellies and potatoes and wine. At its conclusion General Washington asked Mr. Adams to make a few remarks. Colin describes the distinguished ex-schoolmaster of New England as "a stout, resolute man with a heavy voice, the vibration of which suggested iron." After hearty congratulations to the Chief and his army he spoke of the King's speech and the "diabolical ministry." Then for the first time the note of independence was sounded in New England from the lips of a leading citizen and won the applause of important people.

The Commander-in-Chief said to his neighbor, "If they continue to use force, the step is inevitable."

The men were a long time at the table discussing this matter after the ladies had left. Wine flowed freely. The candles were

lighted before the dancing began and certain of the brigadiers were prudently content to take no part in that diversion. After his strenuous exertions Colin had found a most agreeable reaction in the cup.

Having a deep respect for his host and hostess, he restrained himself but was considerably revived when he and Nancy took their places on the floor. Wine has its effect on the blood of youth, which at best is subject to increasing temperatures. Only for that reason, his gallantries took all the license accorded to a young gentleman of that time.



*Illustrations by
Harold Von Schmidt*

*Decorations by
Herb Roth*





"If those young men had seen your body," said the woman, "the effect of it would not have been like that of the prayers of Mother Enslow"

They turned a head not too firmly set on its fair shoulders. What he may have said to Nancy that evening the historian can only imagine, although there is some hint of it in a story told at many a fireside.

When, some days later, Colin, obeying an order of the Chief, set out to engage quarters for General Washington and his staff on their way to New York with the army, he had traveled less than a mile when he overtook Nancy on her handsome black mare. The sun was shining. In the warm air were the odor of thawed earth and the feel of spring.

"You improve the scene," he declared. "You are the only flower in this gray, leafless landscape. Am I indebted to good luck, or is Fate seeking to remind me of your beauty?"

"Take your choice," she answered, pressing his extended hand and looking into his eyes. "Who could tell what Fate is doing today? I have been hard at work in the hospital. I was seeking a breath of fresh air and I find you."

They walked their horses, talking trifles but each somehow feeling the danger of their being thrown together so often.

Suddenly there were heard galloping hoofs behind them. Colin turned his mare and saw a familiar horse and rider rapidly approaching. The rider was Amos Farnsworth. He slowed his pace and drew up beside them, asking:

"Be this Miss Woodbridge?"

"It is," she answered.

"I have a message from Lady Washington which it's very pertic'lar," Amos began. "She wants to see ye as soon as horse-foot can take ye to General Headquarters, which I'm to escort ye. She says there's a robber on this road."

"Oh, damn the robber!" Nancy exclaimed in a whisper.

She drew on her glove and smiled as she turned to the young man, saying, "We must delay our little parley. I will lend you a little token. There's magic in it. Perhaps it will bring Pat to us."

She withdrew her glove and took from her breast a small arrow of perfumed ivory. Breaking the silken cord that held it, she gave him the token. Thereupon she wheeled her horse and rode away at a swift gallop with Captain Farnsworth. Colin surveyed the shining trinket still as warm as the blood (Continued on page 62)

JUST BEFORE *the* RAILROAD

By
Henry W. Daly

the Spanish-American War. Several articles by him recounting his thrilling experiences on the frontier have appeared in the Monthly and have been widely quoted.



Henry W. Daly, 1850-1931

IT WAS sixty-three years ago that Henry W. Daly first saw California as a member of a cross-continent party. In 1930 and in 1931 he made the journey again, each time by train. The Monthly asked him to write about the changes he noted in the West wrought by six decades. Major Daly set down his reminiscences of the first journey, but before he could complete the story he died, in San Diego Naval Hospital, on September 27, 1931. One of the oldest members of The American Legion, Major Daly was also a veteran of the Indian campaigns and of

TWENTY years after the discovery of gold in California, the vast extent of country from the Mississippi to the Pacific had not been organized from territories into States. It was an open expanse of country without fence, with the intervening hamlets of Denver and Salt Lake City, and it was not until the advent of the railroad in '69 that towns sprang up along the line, towns which frequently changed location as the road moved towards completion. Entering the Mojave desert at the Needles, the wide expanse of territory terrified the hearts of our youthful imagination. The eye seeking to relieve the tension of the weird expanse, suddenly there burst upon our view a herd of antelope approaching our line of travel, followed by deer and buffalo, telling the tale of being pursued by Indians. Naturally, we could not escape detection, so we moved along with a bold front and soon were surrounded by a band of Apaches. In conference with them, it was found that quite a few spoke Spanish. This enabled us to trump up a good story and we were allowed to continue our journey unmolested. That night about two o'clock, we were again surprised by prowling Indians, endeavoring to steal what firearms we had with us. This warned us to guard ourselves and our animals. It further caused us to make our destination Los Angeles rather than San Francisco.

A few days later we met another hunting party that had come down from the San Bernardino Mountains. Admiring our rifles, they endeavored to make a trade. Failing this, they became angry and started to snatch the guns from us, whereupon I told them that if they could hit a certain mark upon one of the trees, the guns were theirs. As they did not succeed in their efforts, they bantered us to see if we could do any better. I got hold of my partner's gun in my left hand and with my own in the right, shot right and left hitting the mark in the center, bringing out an exclamation of surprise, "Heshe! Heshe!" This acted as a warning against any further attempt at stealing and led to a better feeling between the Indians and ourselves. Our journey was not again interrupted before Los Angeles.

Camping on the outskirts of the little town, which had a population of 2500, principally Mexicans, we arranged to find stabling for our animals, and having a little leisure sauntered about the town, listening to the strains of La Golondrino and the music of the fandango. As the evening wore along we returned to our camping ground and made bed for the night. The next day we wandered about town in search of adventure. Failing this, we decided to go on to San Francisco.

Traveling along the coast route, we entered Santa Barbara and from there took the northern trail toward San Francisco. On our first night's camp we were agreeably surprised upon turning a bend in the trail to find a family of five bears. Our stock was as much surprised and as we were getting (Continued on page 49)

START THE NEW YEAR RIGHT

Give Somebody a Job

By Wallgren

THE ONLY WAY TO RELIEVE THE UNEMPLOYMENT SITUATION IS TO GIVE PEOPLE JOBS. IF YOU HAVE NO JOB TO GIVE - CREATE ONE - IN CASE YOU'RE STUCK, HERE'S A FEW SUGGESTIONS - PERHAPS YOU CAN PICK ONE OUT FOR YOURSELF.

What do you mean "you'd take one of those"?



one of those "unemployment situations" you're talking about!

Wally 31



-I'm th' dish-washin' man-

You're hired! - from now on!

Hurray! Now we can go to the movies every nite!

HOME DISH-WASHERS - THIS IS A PROFESSION THAT CAN BE BUILT UP INTO A HIGHLY PAYING PROPOSITION - THINK OF THE BOON IT WOULD BE FOR THE HARASSED HOUSEWIFE TO KNOW THAT SOMEONE WAS COMING EVERY EVENING TO WASH THE SUPPER DISHES -



-Yessir! that's my business

"Every morning!!? Name your own price, man!"

CAR STARTERS - WHAT WOULDN'T A MAN PAY TO HAVE SOMEONE START HIS CAR, AND HAVE IT ALL WARMED UP AND RUNNING, WHEN HE STEPS OUT OF THE HOUSE TO GO TO WORK ON THESE COLD WINTER MORNINGS? JUST THINK OF IT - HE'D PAY ANYTHING.



All O.K. boss! sleep tight!

Atta boy!

Isn't this wonderful?

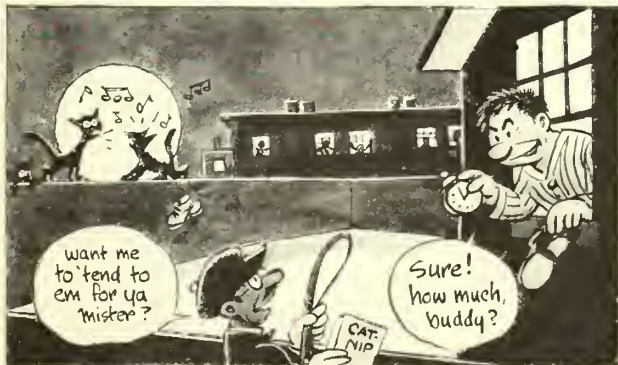
WINDOW CLOSERS - WHAT A BOON TO THE FOLKS WHO HATE HOPPING OUT OF WARM BEDS ON CHILLY MORNINGS - THERE'S A JOB FOR YOU - GO AROUND CLOSING BED-ROOM WINDOWS, AND OPENING FIRE-DRAFTS, SO THAT ALL WILL BE WARM AND COSY WHEN IT'S TIME TO GET UP.



See you in 'bout an hour, eh?

Yessir! I'm takin' 'em over to th' park today!

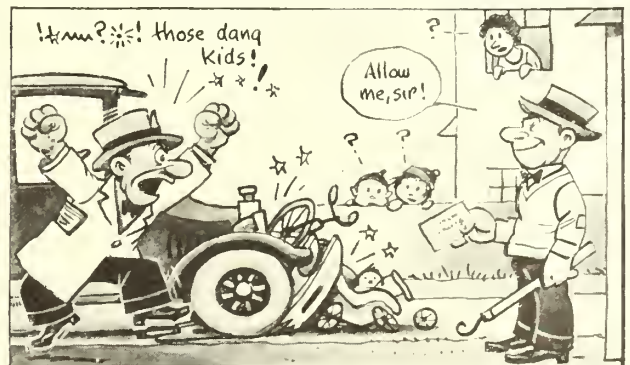
DOG-WALKERS - THESE SHOULD BE IN BIG DEMAND BY LONG SUFFERING HUSBANDS, WHOSE UNCONGENIAL TASK IT IS TO GIVE "MAMA'S PET" ITS EVENING AIRING - MEN WILLING TO ASSUME THIS EMBARRASSING OBLIGATION WOULD BE SPARED ALL UNQUE BLUSHES ON ACCOUNT OF BEING HIRED.



want me to tend to em for ya mister?

Sure! how much, buddy?

CAT SILENCERS - MILLIONS COULD BE SAVED IN SHOES AND ALARM CLOCKS ALONE IF NIGHT CATERWAULING COULD BE SILENCED BY PROFESSIONALS - AND, SUPPOSING ONE SHOULD BE SHOT (BY MISTAKE) WHILST PROWLING ABOUT ON THE JOB? REMEMBER THE "WORKMEN'S COMPENSATION ACT."



!mm?!! Those dang kids!

Allow me, sir!

DRIVEWAY CLEARERS - MEN TO GO AROUND REMOVING KIDS BICYCLES, SLEDS, ETC., FROM HOME GARAGE DRIVEWAYS - THINK OF THE RELIEF OF THE "PAPAS" TO KNOW THAT THEY CAN DRIVE STRAIGHT IN AT NIGHT WITHOUT STOPPING, OR HAVING SEVERAL WRECKS ON THE WAY.

OH, SAY,
CAN YOU SEE!

A look at the target pits at Camp Perry during The American Legion interdepartmental match. After each round, the marker raised a red, white or black panel to indicate value of hit, or a red flag to signal a miss



BIG SHOTS

by
Captain John H. Craige

WHAT has become of the heirs of Daniel Boone, he of the long rifle and the unerring eye? Are there any marksmen like him among the athletic youth of modern America? Are there any successors to Deerslayer, whose arm was steady as a limb of oak and whose aim was never known to miss? Do we breed men today who can shoot as could the woodsmen Andrew Jackson led to New Orleans, who calmly picked off Pakenham's veteran British grenadiers at the battle on the levees before the latter could get close enough to fire an effective shot?

Has the rifle, once the American's most prized possession, fallen into disuse with the advance of civilization? Once it was the frontiersman's means of defense and his principal breadwinner besides, taking the place of golf-clubs, tennis-rackets, polo stick, football and baseball in his sporting moments. Does anyone use it nowadays besides the thug and the racketeer, and can any modern compare with the skill of the ancient worthies whose fame has come down to us?

What about national defense? It is well enough for politicians to say that at the threat of danger a million riflemen will spring to the defense of their country. But is the rising generation keeping up the American tradition of marksmanship?

Anyone in search of light on these questions would do well to look in some bright fall morning at a little town called Camp Perry, Ohio, on the shore of Lake Erie not far from Toledo. For eleven months of the year Camp Perry is a siding on the railroad where local trains may stop if properly flagged. During the twelfth month it is a hive of activity, the scene of the National Rifle and Pistol Matches of the United States.

This is an event which could take place nowhere but in America. It has to do with the tools and technique of the ancient guild of hunters. It has a bearing on the profession of arms, and a military significance. But first and foremost in the minds of those who attend its sessions it is a sporting event.

By a characteristic American process of evolution, shooting with rifle and pistol, once a national necessity to the frontier hunter and plainsman, has become one of the most popular of our recreations. The frontier has vanished and the buffalo has lumbered off to the Happy Hunting Ground, but still the American likes to squint down a blued barrel and hear the crack of a gun. A bigger proportion do it now in the name of sport than ever did at the call of necessity. A recent canvass by an enthusiastic official of the Southern Newspaper Publishers Association produced statistics to show that there are almost as many marksmen and hunters in the Southern States as there are baseball, football, golf and tennis fans combined.

It is estimated that there are at present in this country seven million persons sufficiently interested in firearms to hold a license and indulge in a certain amount of practice each year. At the National Rifle and Pistol Matches several thousand of the best

shots of the nation, selected from among this huge army, meet in competition to determine the champions of the year, at every variety and class of shooting.

Here is staged a spectacle old as man, based on man's age-old pride in his ability to hit a mark. In its way it is the direct descendant of the archery contests described in the tablets of Nippur, where bowmen met in the Euphrates delta five thousand years ago to strive for the prize of the Golden Bow. Its makeup smacks of ancient things—of the Freischutz of old Germany, of the Turkey Shoots of the settlements of the Ohio when all west of the Alleghenies was a wilderness. Yet it is modern too; modern as mass production, as university extension, as Rotary, in the nature of all of which it shares.

The streets of Camp Perry during the month of its bloom present pictures startling, incongruous, absorbing. Iron-thewed cowboys rub shoulders with gaunt, taciturn Indians. Real Indians, not the blanket kind. Trim infantrymen from forts on the plains. Veteran Marines blackened by tropic suns and sailors

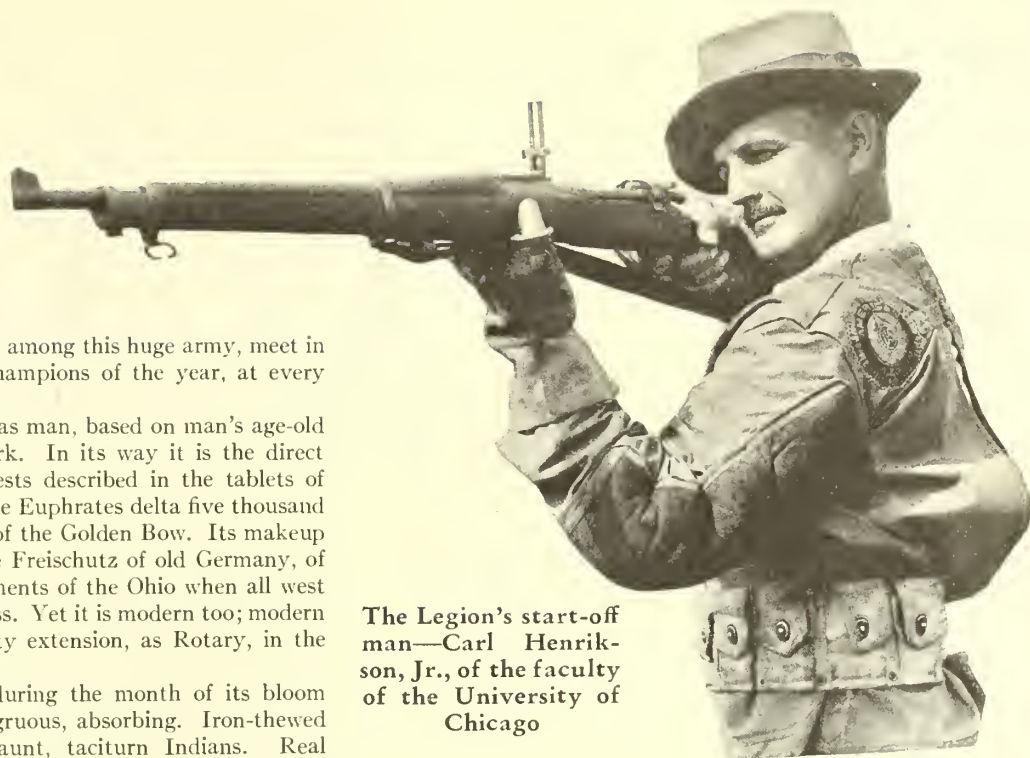
in nautical blue mingle with silent hunters from the North and tobacco chewing mountaineers from the Big Smokies. There are railroad men, "hog-heads" and "shacks," from this country and Canada, who too have a pride in their marksmanship and settle the question here every autumn as to just who is the best in their profession. There are spick and span policemen from many States and cities, here to pick up new tricks that may save their lives from a thug's bullet.

There are women and children, boys and girls who compete in matches of their own, experts in the

A contemporary Daniel Boone, Gilbert Angel, lugs his eight-foot musket to Camp Perry to show how it was done in the old days and is still done in the mountains of Tennessee

employ of arms companies who unite sleight of hand with shooting skill to perform seeming miracles of deftness, and last but not least there are shooting "nuts," enthusiasts and inventors with intriguing devices to reduce marksmanship to mathematics.

The Legion's start-off man—Carl Henrikson, Jr., of the faculty of the University of Chicago



From daylight to dusk all day and every day while the meet lasts there are shooting matches. Matches for every sort of rifle and pistol and covering all imaginable ranges and conditions. In the evenings the streets boil with activity. There are boxing and wrestling matches for prizes. There are athletic events of all descriptions. There are moving pictures, amateur theatricals, entertainments of all sorts, campfire singing, impromptu discussions that start between two or three participants and wind up with a knot of a hundred or more excited shooting cranks arguing vociferously but amicably over the merits of certain rifles, sights or cartridges. Camp singers and camp clowns are heroes and a spirit of light-heartedness and merriment is ever present. The whole seems anachronous, bewildering to the visitor, like one of the great annual encampments of Don Cossacks described by Sienkiewicz.

An Act of Congress paves the way for all this cheerful and colorful gathering. A date is set and preparations are made. This is where modernity and mass production enter in. Oldtime shooting matches were haphazard in their arrangements. Contestants drifted in as the spirit moved them. There is nothing haphazard about the National Rifle Matches in these later years of grace. Arrangements are in the hands of the United States Army and the details of the huge project run with the precision of clock-work despite their magnitude.

A week or two before the opening day a few businesslike military men arrive with maps and blueprints and work begins. Trains bring more and more soldiers. Trucks and freight cars bring materials. In a few days tents and buildings begin to blossom, and swiftly a town capable of providing for the wants of a community of ten thousand or more springs into being.

This community reminds one of a boom town in the West after a strike of oil or gold. There are several square miles of tents laid out on fourteen miles of streets. There are wash-room and dining-room accommodations, with miles of piping for water. There are miles of electric light and telephone wires. There are nearly two miles of targets stretching along just above the extreme high-water line of the lake which must be covered with thousands of yards of canvas backing faced by paper targets.

Some of the statistics of the National Matches illustrate graphically the enormous size of the project. For instance, there were 19,587 entries in the various shooting events this year, representing shooters in every classification and from every State in the Union. These arrived and departed daily and an average of six special trains, or trains bearing carloads and detachments of shooters, came and went each

(Continued on page 46)



P *Your Home In* PARIS

President Doumer of France Inaugurates Pershing Hall, Which is a National Monument and the Greatest Rendezvous for Americans on Foreign Soil

THE United States now has two embassies in Paris. There is, of course, the official American Embassy, not far from the Arc de Triomphe, where Ambassador Walter E. Edge presides, its halls hallowed by the memories of his predecessor, Myron T. Herrick. Not far from this official embassy stands a newer and unofficial one, America's good will embassy, Pershing Hall, the Paris home of The American Legion. Already it is a national monument, commemorating the World War services of notable Americans. It is also the greatest rendezvous for Americans on foreign soil. It is becoming, too, a treasure house of souvenirs, remindful of the days of the war.

Pershing Hall is America's bridgehead in France, a place where

the citizens of two nations, so firmly allied in war, are perpetuating in peace old friendships and laying the foundations for new ones. The building stands at 49 Rue Pierre Charron. Every one of the more than a million members of The American Legion may consider it his Paris address. Its portals are always open and across its threshold will pass in the next half century tens of thousands of Legionnaires who return to France on pilgrimages inspired by their fighting days.

On the first of last October Paul Doumer, the President of France, inaugurated the new home at ceremonies attended by Ambassador Edge and many other notable figures of France and the United States. The President's words were heard not only by the guests who thronged Pershing Hall, but also by radio listeners on two continents. The ceremony was regarded in Paris as the outstanding Franco-American event since the World War. The Radio Coloniale, the great European radio agency, and the National Broadcasting Company, which regularly addresses 30,000,000 Americans, carried to half the world the messages of international friendship which marked the ceremony. President Doumer in his address made an appeal for France and

The beautiful entrance to Pershing Hall, Paris home of The American Legion and unofficial good will embassy

America to unite to lead the world out of the present universal depression. A similar appeal was expressed by Ambassador Edge, who paid glowing tributes to General Pershing and Ambassador Herrick.

A third speaker was Francis E. Drake, President of American Legion Building, Paris, Incorporated, the organization formed to create the memorial building in compliance with a mandate from The American Legion's national convention held in Paris in 1927. General Gouraud, military governor of Paris, was another honored guest.

Those who attended the ceremony saw a building beautiful indeed. Famous architects and artists have reconstructed the palace of one of the noble families of France. Spacious foyers, magnificent staircases, mirrored halls, inside; outside, exquisite ornamentation in stone and grilled iron that proclaim the memorial character of the structure.

The impress left by Myron T. Herrick upon the heart and imagination of the French people is attested by a special room dedicated to the memory of the late ambassador. This contains a portrait of Mr. Herrick painted by Mrs. Stevenson Wright of Cleveland, Ohio, after the original by Philippe de Lazlo. Andrew Squire, lifelong friend of Ambassador Herrick, journeyed to Paris from his Cleveland home to attend the dedication ceremonies.

Portraits of General Pershing, Marshal Foch and General Harbord hang in the Army Room, where are displayed also the colors and banners of the Allied countries and The American Legion. Another room is dedicated to the Navy. The Elks Memorial Assembly Hall, one of the most spacious in the building, commemorates the war service of many thousands of members of one of the largest fraternal orders in America. This hall was provided for by the Benevolent Protective Order of Elks at a





national convention. Another notable feature of the building is the University of Virginia Memorial Room, made possible by a gift of W. A. Clark, Jr.

In his inaugural address, Francis E. Drake spoke of the purposes which inspired the founders of Pershing Hall and those who contributed services and money as combining the "spiritual, sentimental and useful."

"The founders' ideal has been to create in one unit a living memorial, a depository of souvenirs, relics, archives, and mementoes relating to the A. E. F.," said Mr. Drake, "to provide a patriotic social center for Americans whose sons or friends come overseas, and to provide also a dignified headquarters for the activities of the men and women of The American Legion. Paintings, sculpture, books and trophies, supplemented by im-

Behind the impressive façade of Pershing Hall, the greatest rendezvous for Americans on foreign soil, is a treasure house of memorials of American contribution to the war, and a thoroughly modern clubhouse as well

perishable tablets, will, in these halls, make a collection invaluable to posterity. The portraits already before you, as well as the bronze tablets already in place, are destined, with those to follow, to attain great historical value. But more than all that they will serve as a reminder to future generations of the common sufferings of the French, American and Allied soldiers."

Almost every distinguished member of the American colony in Paris was present at the ceremonies. For the first time, a President of France spoke directly to the American people. Leland Stowe, Paris correspondent of the New York *Herald Tribune*, acted as master of ceremonies and announced to the radio world the arrival of President Doumer. The Garde Républicaine band played selections during the main ceremonies and later while



The Naval Brigade of Lynn, Massachusetts, fires a salute in honor of the naval dead at the annual memorial services conducted by East Lynn Post at Red Rock, overlooking a historic expanse of the Atlantic Ocean

the guests were inspecting the building and exchanging greetings.

Sedley Peck, Commander of the Department of France, and other Legion leaders welcomed guests during the inspection. It was generally agreed that the new building opens to The American Legion in France added opportunities for carrying on the many activities which have made it the Legion's most important outpost.

Father Kelley Dies

WHEN newspapers throughout the United States announced in October the death of Reverend Father Francis A. Kelley at Albany, New York, the news stirred the memories of World War veterans everywhere. Father Kelley was admired and beloved for his wartime service as a chaplain in the 27th Division and he was the first National Chaplain of The American Legion. This record was supplemented by the lasting impressions which his personality had left upon every service man who had ever known him. His name brought to mind the picture of a man so large that he stood out in any group, of a man gifted by Nature for many and devoted friendships, a man of courage and humor. His funeral was attended by an exceedingly large number of clergy, indicating the esteem in which he was held by his fellow priests, and attended also by World War veterans of every class and rank of service.

To many thousands, the news of Father Kelley's death brought memories of the Legion's founding days, in which Father Kelley was elected National Chaplain at the Legion's first national convention in Minneapolis. In this post he continued the service which had made him notable as the chaplain of the 104th Machine Gun Battalion. He had gone with his outfit during all the engagements of the 27th Division, had been cited seven times for bravery and had received the Distinguished Service Cross of the United States, the British Military Cross, the Croix de Guerre and other decorations.

At the time of his death, Father Kelley was pastor of Sacred Heart Church of Cairo, New York. Previously, as the re-

sult of the hardships of his service overseas, he had spent a period for rest and treatment in the North Woods. Father Kelley was born at Cohoes, New York, in 1888. He was a graduate of St. Michael's College, Toronto University and St. Bernard's Seminary of Rochester, New York, and was ordained in 1912.

The Female of the Species

TIME was when women wore bloomers and bustles, climbed on chairs to escape from mice and couldn't hit a flock of barn doors with a shot gun. Now, however, as Mr. Kipling didn't remark, the female of the species is a pretty good shot. She scores a bull's eye with a revolver as unerringly as she wrings tears from judges and juries. At Nice on the French Riviera, on Chicago's Gold Coast and elsewhere she is reducing the supply of surplus husbands by the Smith and Wesson system. Wherefore, we view with some apprehension a bulletin from Leonard C. Gordon, President of the Los Angeles County American Legion Rifle Club. For Mr. Gordon writes that his outfit has undertaken to teach the Auxiliary to use the pistol.

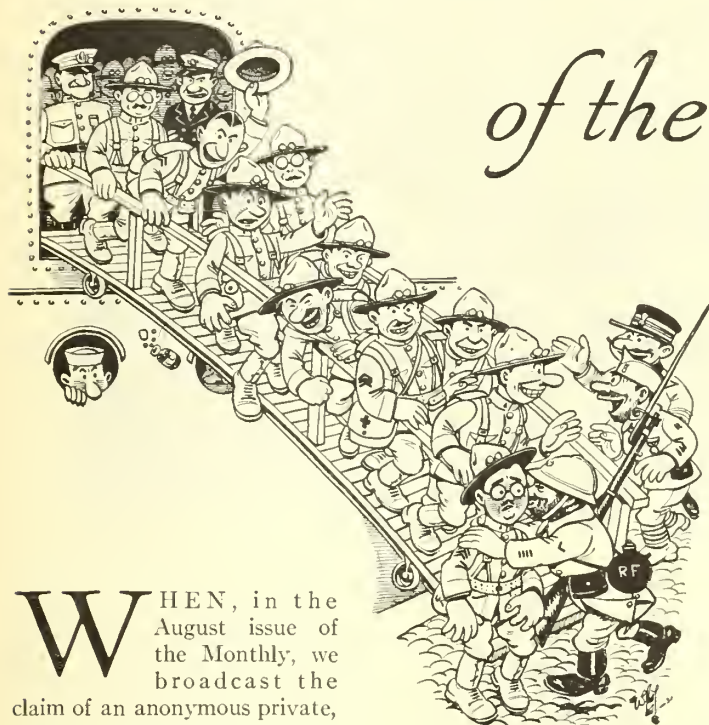
Mr. Gordon reports that the Legion pistol matches for women are being held at the Legion rifle club's range in the mountains near Los Angeles and the women are rapidly becoming as expert in marksmanship as their husbands. "A woman learns to shoot straight much quicker than a man," Mr. Gordon comments, "because she doesn't have preconceived ideas on how to do it."

Hill of Gold

HERE is another tabloid history. James E. Oliver is Historian of Hague-Thomas-Hagerty Post of Grass Valley, California. "On Gold Hill in Grass Valley in 1850," writes Mr. Oliver, "a prospector named McKnight, following a creek in search of golden sands, accidentally knocked a bit of quartz from a ledge. Gold sparkled from the freshly broken rock. Samples of the quartz were crushed. The ore yielded \$500 to the ton. Miners rushed from the beds of the creeks to the hillside and soon hundreds of claims were staked off. To Grass Valley belongs the distinction of being the spot where gold in quartz was first discovered in California. Here the rich gold-bearing veins of rock were followed deep underground. The first mill was set up in Grass (Continued on page 62)



COLUMBUSES of the A.E.F.



WHEN, in the August issue of the Monthly, we broadcast the claim of an anonymous private, formerly of Base Hospital No. 10, supported by a statement from Bayard Kraft of Philadelphia, to the effect that that Philadelphia hospital unit was the first to carry the American flag overseas, we added: "We know that Base Hospital No. 4 of Cleveland jealously guards its record as the 'First Over There,' as it sailed from New York on May 8, 1917, landed in England on May 18, 1917, and in France on May 25th—but we do not know if it displayed our national flag." We knew also that the Harvard hospital unit had also reached the other side a few days before the Philadelphia unit arrived, but again were not informed as to colors.

Notwithstanding those admissions, protests soon came to us. First let us examine part of a letter from Foster W. Rice, member of West Cleveland Post, Cleveland, Ohio:

"As a member of Base Hospital No. 5 (Harvard unit) I can straighten this matter out for all of those interested . . . I have

BASE Hospital No. 4 of Cleveland Clinches Claim of Having Been the First American Unit to Carry Our Flag Overseas

in my possession a true copy of the 'First American Colors into France,' copyrighted in 1919. For your information I will say that the first American colors into France were carried by U. S. Base Hospital No. 5, Harvard unit. These colors—the American flag and the Red Cross flag—were presented to us in the cathedral in Boston, Massachusetts, May 3, 1917. We left the United States on the 11th, were in England on the 21st and in France on May 30, 1917."

And Carl E. Clifford of Everett, Massachusetts, also upheld the Harvard unit in these words:

"Well, well, well! And so the good brethren from the Quaker City thought they could help themselves to the 'beans' right out of our plate. It is indeed amazing that anyone could imagine that Colonel Robert U. Patterson, former commanding officer of Base Hospital No. 5 (Harvard medical unit) and now Surgeon General in Washington, should be so short-sighted as to lead a contingent of men to France without an adequate stand of colors. Yes, indeed, we had 'em with us and they were carried into Boulogne-sur-Mer, France, May 29, 1917, by Sergeants Frederic Steffins and Charles Edwards.

"Yes, the Cleveland unit, Base Hospital No. 4, beat us to



The Navy's service was far-flung. Here at Corfu, in the Ionian Sea, we see the mother ship U. S. S. Leonidas at Base No. 25 with her flotilla of sub chasers



France—and all on account of another ‘Boston Tea Party.’ You see, Sir Thomas Lipton invited our nurses to an afternoon tea somewhere outside London, and while they were engaged there, our Lakeside comrades slipped over to France and went to work. However, we do believe that the Harvard Medical Unit carried the first American colors to France and that they were also the first uniformed troops to reach French soil because, unless we are mistaken, the Cleveland outfit was still in civvies when they arrived at Rouen to join forces with a British General Hospital.”

SO FAR, so good—and the honor temporarily passed to Base Hospital No. 5. But representatives of Base Hospital No. 4 (the Lakeside, Cleveland, unit) soon rushed to the defense of their outfit and its “First Over There” claim. In part, Harold A. Speckman of Chicago, Illinois, has this to offer:

“At the conclusion of the article regarding the first flag overseas, you stated that you knew Base Hospital No. 4 of Cleveland was the first to get over, but did not know if it displayed our national flag. I will give you actual data on this matter. . . .

“After the return of this unit to the States in 1919, a memory book was published, entitled ‘Pictorial Album of the First Over There.’ On page 13, an illustration shows a picture of our unit marching down the streets of Blackpool, England, on May 18, 1917, with the American flag and the British flag being carried before it. These flags were carried before the Base Hospital No. 4 unit when it marched through the streets of Rouen, France, on May 25, 1917.

“The illustration bears this caption: ‘The first American flag to lead a United States Military Detachment into Europe in time of war. On May 18, 1917, it flew at the head of Base Hospital No. 4, Lakeside unit, as the organization marched through the streets of Liverpool and Blackpool, England. From May 25 to November 25, 1917, it waved alongside the British flag at General Hospital No. 9, B. E. F., in France. The flag departed with the first United States Army contingent to leave America, May 8, 1917.’

“In the fall of 1917, the flag, because of its historical value, was returned to the United States. When it was sent back to Cleveland, I was given a small portion of it as a memento of the fact that I was the first to carry the American colors in either England or France—and you may be certain I treasure this little bit of bunting.”

At a little café in Joue les Tours, France, the carpenter gang of Base Hospital No. 120 drink a toast to the folks back home on Mothers’ Day, May 8, 1919

Does that clinch the claim of Base Hospital No. 4—or shall we introduce evidence from another man closely connected with the Cleveland unit? All right: We take very great pleasure in introducing Legionnaire and Major General H. L. Gilchrist, Chief of Chemical Warfare Service, War Department, Washington, D. C., who deposes:

“While the flag in question [of Base Hospital No. 10] may have been the first to have been carried in a *parade* in the United States and later overseas, it was not the first flag to be carried in this country for the reason that Base Hospital No. 4 of Cleveland, Ohio, which I had the honor to command, was the first contingent of American troops to cross the seas to participate in the great war. This organization went on board the Cunard steamer *Orduna* at New York City on May 8, 1917, with one of its members carrying a beautiful American flag which had been presented

by the citizens of Cleveland.

“On May 18, 1917, the organization marched through the streets of Liverpool in parade formation, carrying this American flag. On May 23, 1917, the officers and nurses of the organization, displaying this flag, marched through the streets of London to Buckingham Palace where they were received by the King,

the Queen, the Prince of Wales, Princess Mary, United States Ambassador Page, Colonel Bradley and Colonel Lassiter.

“From the above, I believe there is no doubt as to the first organization over there or the first American flag to appear on foreign soil during the war.”

Well—there’s the evidence and it seems to prove without question of doubt that Base Hospital No. 4 carries off the honors by four days, having reached France on May 25, 1917, with Base



Hospital No. 5 following on May 29, 1917. Even Clifford's claim that the Base Hospital No. 4 unit was not uniformed when it reached England has been exploded. The managing editor of the Monthly was a member of the very same unit and assures us that while they embarked in civvies, uniforms were issued aboard ship and donned on the way over.

ANCHORS aweigh! seems suddenly to have become the battle cry of veteran gobs who had become more or less marooned in the backwaters of civil life—insofar as this department is concerned—and who more lately have been nobly producing material of interest not only to themselves but to the other members of our Then and Now Gang. If this keeps up, we'll soon have to broadcast an appeal to the ex-doughboys, ex-gyrenes and ex-nurses, et al., to send in some of the interesting pictures and stories of unusual and amusing incidents of their service. We'd like to see more of those hold-out contributions, anyway.

Ex-gob Al E. Bub of Henry Wilson Post, New York City, and formerly of Submarine Chaser 79 makes his bow in this issue. Look at the picture on page 37 which he sent us and then read this about it:

"If this is true, as ex-gobs H. J. Tarmey and C. R. Binns have suggested in recent issues of the Monthly, that very few people know that Queenstown, Ireland, had anything to do with the war, I wonder if anybody, excepting the gobs who served there, ever heard of Corfu? It takes more than one glance at a map to find it.

"Corfu is an island off the coast of Greece in the Ionian Sea between the Adriatic and Mediterranean Seas, chiefly notable as the location of the summer home of the ex-Kaiser. And Corfu was the location of U. S. Naval Base No. 25, and it was some cruise for a 110-foot sub chaser. The picture I enclose shows the mother ship U. S. S. *Leonidas* (familarly called 'Leo') and part of her flotilla of chasers at Base 25.

"The chasers formed a barrage across the Adriatic from Brindisi on the Italian coast to Albania on the Balkan coast and they surely did bomb every enemy sub that tried to pass. They were active in the Allied raid, bombardment and smashing of the Austrian naval base at Durazzo. This I believe was the first time in our history that U. S. naval forces fought in the Adriatic.

"Later, at Bai Castelli, Spalato, Dalmatia, they took over two enemy gunboats and the Hungarian battleships, K. U. K. *Radetzky* and K. U. K. *Zrinyi*. I wonder if some of the old timers remember the minstrel show staged by men of the sub chaser crews on the deck of the latter captured ship?"

The "K. U. K.," by the way, stands for "Kaiserlich und Koeniglich"—meaning, if we remember correctly our smattering of German, "Imperial and Royal." These initials are the equivalent to the "U. S. S." which precedes (Continued on page 40)

JANUARY, 1932

Quick, Watson— The INGRAM'S! a COOL front at all times!



THE 2 INGRAM BARBERS • TERRY TUBE OR JERRY JAR

THE toughest beard is brought to justice! The innocent chin is set free! Can you not deduce how, my dear Watson? It's elementary: Ingram's does it. Ingram's is

cool! Cool!! COOL!!!

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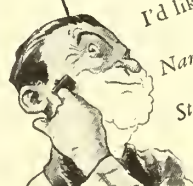
comfort, with three special cool ingredients that make it act like a shaving cream, a lotion and a tonic combined.

Here's all that a shaving cream should be and never was before! Here are comfortable shavings for every day of your natural life. Here, in short, is a limitless supply of perfect *cool* shaves, yours for the buying!

And if you'd rather be convinced *before* buying, that's all right. We'll convince you ten times over—we'll give you ten cool shaves *free*—if you'll fill out the coupon and tell us who you are!

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It must have been a good show, considering the grins. A group which might have been in any camp anywhere in the United States—but this one happened to be in a Y hut at Camp Kearny, California, in December, 1918. See yourself or any of your buddies?

the names of our navy vessels. If we're wrong we are always glad to receive corrections—and rest assured that the Gang is always on its toes and ready to offer them.

HOMESICKNESS—the underlying cause of much of the lessening of morale in the A. E. F. after the business of fighting had ceased—stands in back of this story from Legionnaire Orvil H. Harmon of Hays, Kansas, which accompanied the picture of the café party reproduced on page 38:

"We had been hearing reports for some time that we would soon be on the road home, but as usual there seemed to be no basis of fact behind them. We, in this instance, refer to the carpenter gang that did all the carpentering, plumbing and paint repair work at Base Hospital No. 120.

"While at a café in the village of Joue les Tours, someone remembered it was Mothers' Day and suggested we have our pictures taken in a group to send to the folks back home. The enclosed photo, taken on May 8, 1919, is the result. In it appear Ross McAlister, Charles E. Telander, John C. Ehrenberg, Clarence S. Hoffman, Frank Powers, John Carohan and myself. Our entire crew with the exception of Corporal Wagner is in the group.

"I left for the States shortly afterward and have lost track of all the men. I wonder how many of the group still have a print of this picture and where the men are now located. I'd like to hear from them."

SOME of the very few veterans who may still have unkind thoughts of the reputed failures of "Y" service in the A. E. F. can, without much trouble, recall just what the "Y" had done for them in their training camps in this country before they embarked for overseas. Visual evidence of what the "Y" meant to tens of thousands of soldiers is offered in the picture which Jesse K. Griffith, Chaplain of Wenatchee (Washington) Post of the Legion, permits us to show at the top of this page. Comrade Griffith says:

"The enclosed picture was taken at a 'Y' hut at Camp Kearny, California, in December, 1918. At that time the camp was full of men waiting to be discharged; none had been overseas and

as could be expected, they were mighty impatient to be sent home.

"Almost every evening the Y. M. C. A. or the Knights of Columbus staged shows of various kinds to keep the men entertained. Most of the talent at Kearny came from San Diego."

In a volume entitled "Service With Fighting Men," we found the following statement which we think worth quoting:

"Here it may be simply stated that a compilation of records and conservative estimates gave a total attendance at Y. M. C. A. buildings in the six military departments in the United States of 212,555,000 for the year May 1, 1918, to April 30, 1919."

OVER a period of years, several stories have appeared in these columns regarding the loss of the *Tuscania*, a British transport, on February 5, 1918, carrying with her to a watery grave 230 American soldiers on their way to France. Not all of the soldiers aboard, however, lost their lives. The majority of the 2,179 soldiers aboard were saved only through the prompt and heroic action of the officers and crews of three British destroyers, H. M. S. *Grasshopper*, *Pigeon* and *Mosquito*.

An outgrowth of that disaster is the *Tuscania* Survivors Association which on each anniversary, February 5th, has held and will continue to hold a memorial dinner and reunion. At the 1931 reunion, a resolution was passed to present medals, especially struck to commemorate the occasion, to Lieutenant Commander T. B. Fellowes, who commanded the *Mosquito*, to Lieutenant Commander John M. Smith of the *Grasshopper*, as well as to the widow of Lieutenant Commander C. J. F. Eddis of the *Pigeon*.

Past President Leo V. Zimmermann of the *Tuscania* Survivors Association enlisted the aid of



two Legion posts, both in foreign lands, to make the presentations—Commander Alexander M. Stewart of Scotland Post of The American Legion in Glasgow and the newly-organized Vancouver (British Columbia) Post of The American Legion.

All survivors of the *Tuscania* are invited to attend the annual reunion which will be held in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, on February 5th. Leo V. Zimmermann, past president and now historian of the Association, 5502 West Washington Boulevard, Milwaukee, is anxious to hear not only from the men who will attend, but also from all other survivors.

TOO early to announce national convention reunions for 1932? Not according to three outfits which held highly successful meetings in Detroit in September and which are continuing the march with the Legion to Portland, Oregon. The time of the 1932 national convention has been set for September 12th to 15th.

The Veterans of the 31st Railway Engineers of the A. E. F. have gone on record for a Portland reunion and F. E. Love, Secretary-Treasurer, of 113 First Avenue W., Cedar Rapids, Iowa, is ready to supply information.

A reunion of the 39th Railway Engineers found 106 former members seated at the banquet table in Detroit and based on that success, Portland will be its next meeting place. B. E. Ryan, Secretary, 308 Central Street, Elkins, West Virginia.

The first national reunion of all former Tank Corps men in Detroit resulted in the organization of the Tank Corps Veterans Association for which there is a potential membership of thirteen thousand men. Nicholas Salowich, President, 1401 Barlum Tower, Detroit, and C. L. Lewellen, 4865 Newport Avenue, Detroit, are the men who will line up the gang.

ANNOUNCEMENTS of reunions and other activities of veterans' organizations will be listed in this department provided information regarding them is sent to the Company Clerk at least six weeks before the month in which the activity is scheduled. Detailed information regarding the following may be obtained from the men whose names are listed:

THIRD DIV.—The Society of the Third Division desires to obtain the name, address and outfit of all Third Division veterans. All who send names to G. B. Dubois, 1239-30th st., N. W., Washington, D. C., will receive a copy of *The Watch on the Rhine*.

SEVENTH DIV. WORLD WAR VETS.—All former members are requested to write to Andrew Vogt, 72 Adams St., Mt. Vernon, N. Y., to learn of association and reunion plans.

SEVENTH DIV.—Limited special edition of *History of Seventh Division*, autographed by Generals Bullard and Wittenmyer. Six dollars. Addison B. Freeman, 1808 Chestnut st., Philadelphia, Pa.

27TH DIV.—Reunion at Buffalo, N. Y., Oct. 20-22. Veterans not on roster of 27th Div. Assoc., write for copy of *The Orion Messenger*. C. P. Lenart, secy., Capitol P. O. Box 11, Albany, N. Y.

35TH DIV., CHICAGO CHAP.—Veterans in Chicago area are requested to report to John T. Major, 5104 N. Leavitt st., Chicago, Ill.

42D (RAINBOW) DIV.—Annual reunion at Los Angeles, Calif., July 13-15. Veterans not receiving *Rainbow Reveille*, write to Fred R. Kerlin, 1021 Van Nuys bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.

77TH DIV. ASSOC.—The *Memoirs of General Alexander* are available for distribution. Four dollars. Proceeds to benefit association. Harry Robinson, secy., 28 E. 39th st., New York City.

78TH DIV. VETS. ASSOC.—Annual reunion aboard the S. S. *Leviathan*, Pier 4. (Continued on page 59)

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Akron Ahoy!

(Continued from page 7)

supervised her construction. No greater guarantee of staunch airworthiness is available in the world.

This representative of The American Legion Monthly is but one of forty passengers aboard, who, with her normal crew, swell the total of air travelers to 109. It was two hours ago when we disembarked from a bus into the chill gray dawn beside the dock. The seven-year-old *Los Angeles*, which last night looked like a pigmy beside her mightier sister, was already in the air.

We reported at the sprawling bleak operations office. A bored yeoman made out a release from responsibility for the Government in case of accident, and handed us detailed instructions for conduct and position on board.

A ship's officer collected our waivers and in turn gave us a ticket of admission to the big top. Assembled under the shadow of the gargantuan gas-envelope, each passenger stepped forward as a bull-throated seaman read his name. Up duralumin stairs into the control car we were passed, then up a short ladder to find ourselves in the dimly lighted hull. The bottoms of the gas envelopes flapped gently. Voices calling directions echoed ghost-like from the gloomy interior: "This way, mister."

As soon as eyes became accustomed to the gloom we saw where we were to go. Leading beneath the flabby bottoms of the gas cells was a narrow catwalk not over ten inches wide. It sloped abruptly upward toward the lateral girders of the hull. From that direction came the loudest voice. Its owner was invisible. Balancing precariously as we climbed the slender path, one appreciated the sure-footedness given by the rubber soles which we had been told we must wear. Shortly the figure of a seaman appeared at our heads. Like a traffic cop he directed us aft along the catwalk leading to the stern. My station was marked "Frame 141.25 Port." Each rib of the hull bears a number. But I was starboard. More traffic men appeared. I was guided over another catwalk running to the opposite side, and I fervently wished for safety-ropes such as are provided by Alpine guides. I looked down into a huge area of emptiness which was the ship's width, twenty-five feet to its fabric roof, and an equal distance to the bottom, which is the airship's belly. Soon that space will be occupied by five airplanes. They will be launched from and return to the *Akron* while she is in flight. Experimental operations have established that the feat is entirely practicable.

A feeling of lonesomeness came to me as I hugged a girder amidships in the dim vastness of the hull. I thought I should have to stay there until we left the ground, for I knew that an airship must be trimmed as to weight before it took off. No such meticulous balancing is necessary on the *Akron*. Soon I was discovered by a sea-

man who brusquely directed me down a short flight of steps to the crew's quarters. There I found half a score of fellow-writers, all seated in comfort. There are seven staterooms on the port side. Each contains four commodious berths. Aft of quarters are a toilet, wash-basins with running water, and what plumbers advertise as "all modern conveniences." The plumbing drains into a huge fabric cesspool, which is flushed only when the airship is traveling over uninhabited areas.

Soon after our departure our compartment became uncomfortably warm. We had been cautioned to wear extra clothing, and the outside air was in truth nippy. I soon located the source of the heat. Up through registers in each stateroom came torrents of hot air. Intake manifolds are built around the motor exhausts. In coldest weather the *Akron* crew will enjoy the comfort of a steam-heated apartment.

We are gaining speed now. Through the ports at my feet unrolls the scenery of the pastoral Eastern seaboard at 67 knots an hour. Chickens, ducks and other farmyard folk stampede in pandemonium as the roar of our motors attracts their attention to the giant shadow overhead. On board all is ship-shape.

8 a.m. Over the Delaware coast.

I have been on a trip of inspection through the hull. I used to think steelworkers were a race of men apart. Airship sailors are of the same breed. A touch of blood from the mountain-goat, or the monkey, must be in them. They race

along the catwalks and up six-inch wide ladders, passing one another expertly, from stem to stern and from keel to topside, with an easy surefootedness which suggests the long-lost days of sail.

The simplest catwalks to negotiate are those running longitudinally the length of the ship, port and starboard. The passage is narrow between bulging gas cells and the fabric covering, and rope rails help to steady one. Those walks lead, among other places (for the entire hull is a labyrinth), to eight egg-shells which house the Mayback motors. The *Akron* is the first airship ever to have its motors enclosed within the hull. That design does away with the wind resistance caused by suspended gondolas, and consequent slower speed.

I next explored the catwalk which leads to the nose of the hull, and there the only touch of color within the huge frame impresses one vividly. Daylight gleams through the red, white and blue insignia of cocarde and star painted on the covering. The effect is as of stained glass. The illusion of the vastness of a cathedral nave is heightened by the open space, for the forward catwalk leads to the mooring-mast exit, and the first gas envelope is hung far aft. Closing your eyes it is easy to imagine you are on a ship at sea.

The nose catwalk leads from the ladder of the control car, a three-way junction. Above the control car on either side of the walk are six more staterooms. They are the private compartments of the ship's



"Hello, pop. When is Santa Claus coming?"

captain and executive officer, the office of the aerologist (meteorologist to you), and the communications office. All through our flight the radio spoke, by voice and with dots and dashes, to newspaper offices and with earthbound folk below.

The two most strenuous points to reach, at least for me, are the topside catwalk running the length of the ship above the gas cells, and the aft control room. It is 146 feet from the keel to the top of the *Akron*. Most of that climb is on a narrow duralumin ladder with braces just wide enough for the sole of one shoe. In appearance duralumin belies its strength. I know I held my breath with each climbing step as I entrusted the full weight of my two hundred pounds to the fragile-looking strip of metal. As I was seeking to find how to open the fabric manhole which led to the aft crows-nest, so I might have a look from topside, a member of the crew came upon me. He jerked his thumb towards the ladder. The gesture was expressive. Words could not have been more eloquent. So I went down.

A fair degree of agility also is needed to reach the aft or emergency control car. It is built in the bottom of the rudder frame, and the rudder frame extends the height of the ship. There is a reverse curve on the vertical ladder which a landlubber finds a little difficult to negotiate, but the trip repays the effort. The view from the aft car is unsurpassed, even from the bridge. Reserve pilots are on duty here ready to man a duplicate set of controls should the main controls fail. It is unlikely they will have anything to do in time of peace, but war Zeppelins often were forced to depend on their emergency controls, when their forward gondolas were wrecked by archie fire. The aft car I found to be the most exciting and interesting station of all. But I've got to see everything. Regretfully I make the hard climb upward.

9 a.m. Over the eastern shore of Maryland.

We have dipped in salute over Annapolis and I imagine that midshipmen who returned our greeting below were filled with new ambitions. What a variety of service awaits those young men today! They may not only sail the seven seas, but they may go down into the depths on submarines, or fly above them in airplanes or airships.

Personally I did not look down on the United States Naval Academy. I was at breakfast. I had eaten at 4 a.m., but shortly after eight I felt the urge to eat again. And so, while the *Akron* cleft the skies at close to seventy knots, I drank my orange juice, devoured bacon and scrambled eggs hot from a frying pan with warm brown toast, and warmed myself with strong and steaming Navy coffee. The inevitable Filipino boys common to all Navy wardrooms served deftly and well. Knives, forks, immaculate white dishes, all are of pure aluminum. They are featherweight, but the food is real and substantial.

I visited the (Continued on page 44)

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Address _____

Akron Ahoy!

(Continued from page 43)

galley after breakfast. Amid a shining silver-like compartment I saw Cook preparing dinner. Roast pork sputtered in the oven, potatoes boiled on the stove, peas simmered beside them, tomatoes were being sliced. A giant percolator bubbled with coffee, which must be available night and day on all Navy craft. Dessert for lunch would be ice cream and cake and fruit.

10 a.m. Over Washington.

Twenty minutes ago we sailed over the boundary line of the District of Columbia, and soon we gazed down on the twin rounded domes of the Congressional Library and then the dome of the Capitol itself. We bore on the tip of the Washington Monument, with the beautiful Lincoln Memorial majestic in the sunlight beyond. Then we dipped in salute to the President. A skirted figure could be seen on the White House roof. It was the First Lady herself, we learned later. She christened the *Akron*. Other pigmy figures could be seen on the White House grounds. The President was among them, but we were too high to pick him out. As we circled in greeting I saw a small white object with red-tipped streamer drop from the control car. I watched it fall until it splashed in the classic pool which fronts the Lincoln Memorial. It was not a message to the President. From the moment we took off a Washington newspaper correspondent had been industriously pecking away on a portable typewriter. He was now delivering his copy. If it was recovered it was truly all wet.

There was not time to see if the dispatch was salvaged, for we were speeding eastward over the uncompleted beautiful white bridge which soon will span the Potomac beyond the Lincoln Memorial. Now we are dipping over Arlington National Cemetery, where sleep so many of the Navy's heroes, among them the pioneers who gave their lives for airship development. We turn to pass over Fort Myer. The cavalry is out in force to greet us. Horses as well as men, in troop formations, look up in awe and wonder. Now we swing to parade over Pennsylvania Avenue with dips to Navy officialdom in the old State, War, and Navy Building and the sprawling white headquarters on the Mall. Then west by north we sail. Everywhere below traffic is halted. Thousands of pinpoint white faces top the lilliputian figures.

And now the capital is behind. The *Akron* has paid its respects to its legislative sponsors.

11 a.m. North of Baltimore.

The skyscrapers and waterfront of Maryland's metropolis are behind. And now I am going down into the control car for my first visit there. Whipping straight in the breeze aft of the car is a pennant of blue with twin white stars, an admiral's flag. Over Washington Navy Yard we had a salute of thirteen guns. It

instead of on the ocean. Her officers may observe ships on the surface while keeping out of gun-range. When armed she will be entirely capable of defending herself against aerial attack. She is a scout cruiser of superior speed, but because she travels in a different element, certain sea-going officers are skeptical of her. I say she is cheap at \$5,000,000.

"Beyond the military advantage, we have laid the foundations firmly for the development of commercial airships. We have given the United States leadership by a full generation in a comfortable, safe and swifter form of transportation. We have established a new art which offers a brilliant future for many young Americans."

12 Noon. Over Philadelphia.

Our bulky shadow sails over the birthplace of American Liberty. Fronting a small green park, facing a lofty white skyscraper, stands Independence Hall. Despite its dwarfed size, its dignified lines, its sombre brown with white facings and cupola make it quite the most worthwhile thing to look at.

We are also over the birthplace of human flight in America. Exactly 147 years ago a Philadelphia cabinet-maker named James Wilcox ascended from earth in a box-like car he had built, carried aloft by 47 small hydrogen-filled balloons secured to the edges of his craft. Benjamin Franklin, who was then our American minister to France and had witnessed the first balloon ascensions in history the year before, had written friends how it was done.

1 p.m. Over Trenton, New Jersey.

As we slip over the Delaware in the flutter of an eyelid and look down on the homes of

Trenton we are reminded that Monday is wash-day. Linen flutters in the breeze from clotheslines behind almost every home in the city.

It seems no time has elapsed since we passed New Jersey's statehouse, yet now we are sailing over the classic halls of Princeton. Hail and farewell!

Now we are maneuvering over a small town to the east. From the control car another red-tailed message container falls. Lieutenant-Commander Wiley, the ship's executive officer, is dropping a note to his small son. Won't that boy be the envy of his pals? But maybe not. His dad hasn't got such a good eye. The fabric envelope drifts to the outskirts of the village and disappears in a sprawling clutter of tree-tops. We hope the watchers below here



"Thanks for the lunch, lady. Now if you have any pipe organs to be fixed I'll be glad to do it for you"

was a recognition that was well-deserved.

Behind every triumph of science is an individual. Rear-Admiral William A. Moffett, Chief of the Naval Bureau of Aeronautics, is the man responsible for this marvelous ship of the skies. Through disaster and untold discouragements the square-jawed, white-haired old sea-dog has fought for ships that sail the skies as well as for airplanes, the eyes of the fleet.

In layman's language Admiral Moffett thus summarizes the superiority given our Navy by the *Akron*:

"Suppose some other nation possessed a scout cruiser twice as fast as any of ours. We would then be obliged to spend many millions developing equality. The *Akron* is a scout cruiser. Her only difference from a surface craft is that she travels in the air

were able to find the message and deliver it to the boy.

2 p.m. Approaching Perth Amboy.

I am on the ship's bridge now. The bridge is the forward section of three compartments in the control car. Silhouetted dead-center are the square shoulders of the quartermaster, holding the wheel steady to bear us to New York City. On the port side stands the altitude pilot. He, too, mans a wheel, but his wheel controls the horizontal position of the ship. Constantly he scans a super-sensitive altimeter and another instrument which indicates in degrees any variation from level flight. The altitude pilot is busier than the helmsman, though the bumpiness of the air has greatly diminished. Three officers bundled in mufflers and leather jackets pace the bridge in approved maritime watchfulness. Despite open windows they must be warm, for through a deck register comes a torrent of heated air. All's well.

The mid-section compartment is the operations office. Its chief furnishing is a huge map table. The aft section is called the gun-room, though no guns are anywhere in sight. On the deck are drawn up the stairs which are used to embark and disembark from the car.

Now we are over the southern end of Staten Island. To the east the waters of New York Harbor gleam brightly blue from Sandy Hook to the Hudson's haze. Portside ahead is the ladder-like span of the new Goethals Bridge joining the island to the New Jersey mainland. Still further, planes circle over the Newark airport.

Starboard and ahead we now see the famed sky-line of New York. In silhouette the towering shafts seem to be leaning their tops together. They appear to be in a huddle, like a football eleven planning its next strategy, or maybe a group of good-natured giants indulging in barber-shop chords. That will be all just now. I've had my turn on the bridge and am being sent back up into the hull.

3 p.m. Over New York City.

I was balancing on the catwalks on my way here when we dipped and circled in salute to Miss Liberty. We are sailing up and over the Hudson near the Battery. Surface craft toot their whistles. So do locomotives on the Jersey shore. We can hear them plainly. Passing are the piers of Hoboken, where most of the A. E. F. went and came. And there's something less historic but more interesting. A pier warehouse is on fire! On its shore end stand a score of pieces of bright-red fire apparatus looking like toy engines. At the river end, where smoke hangs like a pall, are half a dozen fire-boats, shooting streams that look like the tentacles of octopi.

The scene changes quickly. Now we are over America's newest engineering marvel, the recently opened George Washington Bridge, linking New York City to New Jersey. Hundreds of black bugs race in both directions on the outer edges, pausing only at the toll gates. We dip in salute, as one scientific triumph to another.

Now we swing (Continued on page 46)

\$200 First Week In OWN Business

We want a reputable, honest man in each county. This man does not need to have any special experience or more than ordinary ability, but he must be honest and courteous.

Such a man we will start in business for himself. You can make far above average profits in the rug-cleaning business—a high-grade business all your own. Many earn \$125 to \$200 per week. L. A. Eagles took in \$200 his first week in Madison, Wis. No shop necessary. The H-B rug-washer finishes rugs like new on the customer's floor.

There are hundreds of customers—in your vicinity and nearby towns—residences, hotels, offices, schools, churches, clubs, theatres.

The H-B rug-washer is very simple. Anyone can run it. Electricity does the work. Simply clean a few rugs. These customers tell others and also give you their future work. Soon you will have a prosperous year-around business. Send coupon for booklet explaining everything.

W. F. Tesnow, Berwyn, Ill., earned \$350 his best week. We would not want you to expect to do this at the start and even later not every week. The business comes easily, but some days are better than others. C. J. White, Louisville, says, "S100 business in six days—never a complaint." That is the nicest part of this business—every customer is more than satisfied. Stains and blotches disappear and vivid colorings

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"Now Owns Big Store"

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Easy Terms

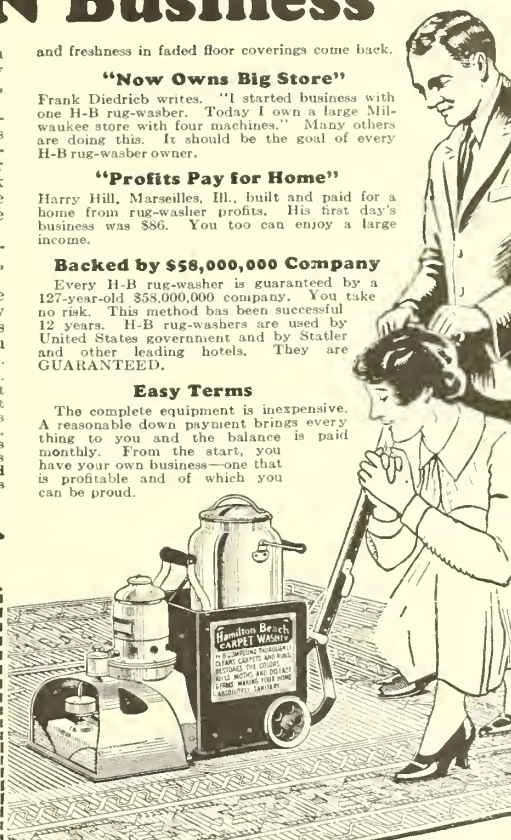
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Gentlemen—Send at once (no obligation) your free booklet illustrating rug-washer and telling how I can own my own business; how I can earn large profits at prices below other methods; how I can enjoy a permanent year-around business; how I can become financially independent in a very short time; and how I can pay on easy terms.

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Richmond, Va.

Send me the Edgeworth sample. I'll try it in a good pipe.

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AL-83

Akron Ahoy!

(Continued from page 45)

hard-a-port over the Bronx and head for a parade over Manhattan's middle. Congested uptown rolls into the green clad oblong of Central Park. The reservoir mirrors us indistinctly.

We sail over the midtown skyscrapers. They seem to lean toward us as we approach, then rear back gracefully as we pass their peaks, swaying in waltz tempo. From two thousand feet there does not appear to be any difference in the height of the two chief rivals. The silvered spire of the Chrysler Building looks like a titan's lance ready to impale us. The mooring mast on the Empire State Building seems to beckon. Not yet!

Downtown skyscrapers reel beneath us one after another. Then the green of Governor's Island, framed with dull gray roofs, and Brooklyn bordered with its beautiful winding drive. Good-bye, Manhattan!

4 p.m. *Over the Atlantic.*

We circled Coney Island before putting out to sea. It looked deserted, lonely, but someone gave us greeting. In giant letters on the sandy beach someone spelled the word LUCK. It was easily read.

Now we are traveling where an airship belongs. The air is as smooth as velvet here and we sail with perfect evenness.

5 p.m. *South of Asbury Park.*

We are over land again. Our last strik-

ing view over the ocean was of a full-rigged four-master. Her white sails were billowing, her cream-yellow decks looked spotless. She seemed to disdain our burnished silver hull as an object of comparative beauty, if not of speed. Now Lakewood is passing. Our final view to be remembered is the estate of John D. Rockefeller. It covers hundreds of acres and its big sprawling buildings fill the eye. But John D. never rode on an airship.

6 p.m. *On the ground at Lakhurst.*

We came in to land as dusk settled. But it was dark before the *Akron* had come to full rest, settling to earth with the grace if not the ease of a bird alighting. It was almost an hour from the time the drag-ropes were dropped to the landing crew before we were invited once more to wend our respective ways along the catwalk through the dim hull and emerge into the control room and so down the stairs.

In ten hours' flying we have traveled some six hundred miles with throttles retarded. The *Akron* could travel a full ten thousand miles without landing, if necessary.

An hour later she once more nosed into the skies, her courtesy flight finished. She was merely another Navy craft again, a novel one, but from now on merely one unit in the first line of defense of the nation.

Big Shots

(Continued from page 32)

twenty-four hours. Besides the restaurants and military messes, the central dining-room, or mess hall, fed nearly 2,000 daily, using more than thirty-five tons of meat, bacon, ham, fish, eggs, and so on, while 4,000 gallons of ice-cream were consumed by hot, thirsty competitors. Two thousand rifles were issued to teams and competitors to supplement their own weapons, and three million rounds of ammunition were fired.

A total of eighty-three rifle and pistol events are listed at the National Matches. These include forty-two individual rifle events, eighteen contests for teams armed with the rifle, twenty individual pistol competitions and three contests for teams armed with the hand gun.

True to its traditions, The American Legion occupies a place and an important place in this great annual sporting event. Since the war, the Legion has lent support in legislative halls to the national matches when pacifists have endeavored to diminish their importance or abolish them altogether.

In 1923 the Milton J. Foreman Trophy was offered by the Department of Illinois for competition annually between rifle teams from Legion departments. A Department of Marksmanship was organized in the Legion and Frank J. Schneller of

Wisconsin was made its Director. Schneller was formerly a colonel in the National Guard of his State. He is a magnificent rifleman and a shooting "nut" of the first water. Under his energetic direction things began to hum.

In 1929 Legion shooting interest was definitely concentrated on the National Rifle Matches at Camp Perry. Twelve departments were represented by teams or individuals who did excellent shooting. In 1930 it was twenty-three departments and a total of more than 200 Legionnaires. The National Legion Rifle Team again shot splendidly, heading all of the B Class, or non-service shooting organizations, and winning the coveted National Minute Man Trophy.

The 1931 shooting season in the Legion opened with unusually brilliant prospects. Legionnaires everywhere seemed to have learned of the Legion's shooting program and requests for advice and assistance in forming rifle clubs and getting started at rifle practice deluged those in charge. The Postal Team Match attracted a host of entries and produced wonderful shooting.

As a fitting climax of a successful season within the organization, more than three hundred Legionnaires were entered this year at Camp Perry in individual and team matches. Thirty-five Legion departments

were represented and Legionnaires performed with an ability that sent a thrill through the service and civilian shooters assembled on the shore of Lake Erie.

The greatest thrill came when the Legion National Rifle Team won the A. E. F. Rumanian Trophy, one of the leading tests of team-shooting ability, from the best of the regular service shots. Scores: American Legion 561; Cavalry 560; Marines 560; Navy 558; Infantry 547. Some victory! This trophy was given in 1910 by the King of Rumania for international shooting, and has been won by some branch of the Regular service each year since that date. Its passing into Legion hands caused a sensation, and grey-haired regulars were heard to prophesy that before many seasons Legionnaire marksmen would be giving the Regular Service teams the tussle of their lives in all the blue-ribbon events.

A Legionnaire, Policeman R. J. Nowka of Los Angeles, won the Police Pistol Match, always keenly contested. William J. Desmond of Boston won the Individual Legion Pistol Championship, and the Legion National Pistol Team, in charge of Ralph S. Marshall of Lima, Ohio, finished in tenth place in the National Pistol Team Match against the best civilian and service shots of the country. In the National Rifle Team Match the Legion National Rifle Team captained by Colonel Schneller continued its good work of previous years by finishing eleventh in a field of 113 teams, again winning top place among B Class or non-service teams.

Small-bore Legion shooting at Camp Perry was in charge of John F. Woolshlager of Castorland, N. Y., as captain and Ray Loudon of Butler, Pennsylvania, as coach. John H. Rackie, 1930 Fidac team captain, won the Legion small-bore championship with a score of 198 out of 200, and in the Caswell Trophy team match the Legion team shot into second place.

A feature of the Legion's program at Camp Perry was the shooting of the Fidac match. This took place Saturday morning, September 5th, when official targets were punctured by the Legion Team in the presence of Dr. Caesar Barranco, Cuban Consul at Detroit, who acted as observer for the Fidac. Teams from Great Britain, France, Italy, Belgium and other Allied countries shoot against this score in their home countries. The American Legion Team won the international match with a score of 1930; Great Britain had 1814; Belgium, 1778 and Czechoslovakia, 1680.

An event on the Camp Perry program which had an exclusively Legion flavor was the National Departmental Rifle Team Match for the Milton J. Foreman Trophy. This was contested by rifle teams from eighteen departments which put on a close and thrilling race. The trophy was won by the Washington department team which just topped Massachusetts and Maryland in a hair-line finish. Scores: Washington 815; Massachusetts 809; Maryland 806; Texas 793; Wisconsin 787; California 787; Wyoming 786; Connecticut 786; Ohio 784; Minnesota 782; Indiana 778; New York

772; Illinois 763; Michigan 761; Montana 760; Iowa 733; Kansas 731; Alabama 720.

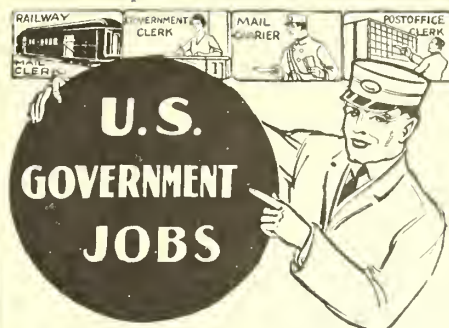
Not all of the events at Camp Perry were for men. Women competed with their brethren and occasionally outshot them. There were also matches for girls and boys, keenly contested matches.

Among the juniors, also, the Legion shooting program is producing encouraging results. Six lads of Toledo (Ohio) Post Junior Club scored as expert riflemen and received badges. To encourage growing interest this post has decided to construct a Junior Range on Galbraith Island which it owns. The suggestion was frequently heard that a Junior American Legion National Rifle and Pistol Team be formed. The Juniors of Mahoning Post Rifle Club of Youngstown, Ohio, captured the American Legion Junior Rifle Team Match by a score of 988 out of 1,000, winning the A. A. Mitten National Junior Rifle Trophy, with the Malden Post Juniors of Massachusetts second and the Hawaii Juniors close behind.

An event which attracted great popular interest was the "Varmint" Match. This was open to shooters armed with old fashioned muzzle-loading Kentucky rifles. Among the list of entries were wealthy sportsmen from New York and Chicago, as well as mountaineers from the Big Smokies. Some of the rifles used were more than a hundred years old, firing tiny round lead bullets with a greased buckskin patch. The match was shot at sixty yards at the traditional mark of the American frontier, a blackened shingle with crossed knife cuts on its surface. The contestants fired prone resting their rifles on logs. The winner, Gilbert Angel, a Tennessee mountaineer, laid all his ten shots so close together that a dollar would have covered the group, many of the bullet holes overlapping each other.

The culminating event of the Camp Perry Meet each year is the National Team Rifle Match. This is the championship of the American rifle world. It is open to teams of ten men each without restriction as to origin or classification. In it the best shots of the nation—Army, Navy, Marine Corps, National Guard, and civilians—contend for the supreme palm of national marksmanship. There were a hundred and thirteen teams entered in this event, a total of eleven hundred and thirty of the nation's best marksmen who blazed away at two miles of targets, firing a total of sixty-seven thousand eight hundred shots at the paper markers during the two days through which the match lasted.

As relay after relay fired the Marines went further and further into the lead. But they had opposition. Contrary to the expectations of the scuttle-butt experts, the other teams did not fold up. Although gradually outpaced by the Marines, the Coast Guardsmen shot consistently and well, steadily increasing their lead over the Infantry, which was hard put to it to nose out the Navy by two points. The final score showed: Marines, 2,809; Coast Guard, 2,788; Infantry, 2,759; Navy, 2,757.



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Quantity prices on request



The Old New England Spirit

(Continued from page 23)

but his politeness made it agreeable, as I bore in mind I was in old Springfield in old New England.

The people of other States pay New England \$500,000,000 a year, it is estimated, for recreation. Every dollar of this is just as good a dollar and will buy as much meat, milk, or clothing, as a dollar received for manufactured articles; and that dollar, being spent inside the United States and not in a foreign country, means it goes out from New England to other parts of the country to buy things New England wants. Even New England summer hotels seem not to have suffered from depression as many in other parts of the country have.

The crowds of youth in the Grand Central Station in New York at holiday time tells another tale of New England's profit. This, too, represents New England's capitalization of tradition, of being early in a field in which age counts in the terms of dear old alma mater. Students from all over the country go to New England for education; their parents go to visit them. And the dollars they spend and that alumni spend at reunions are also just as good as dollars paid for wheat or steel.

What of New England's agriculture in the period of agricultural depression? What chance had it to survive against the tractors and combines of the mass production of the West? The farms I passed in central Massachusetts did not seem abandoned, but to be as well-kept as the roads under our car, and the tidy farm-houses were often freshly painted.

But de luxe farming applies in relatively few instances. Abandoned farms are being reclaimed by the same spirit that cleared them for their first crops in pilgrim days; by men of different blood from the pioneers, by "furriners," as we all were once, who carry on the spirit of persevering toil and frugality.

The decrease in the value of farm products in New England—including the maple sugar, cranberry, and potato crops—has been less than the average in the rest of the country. Maine, having large areas fit for growing potatoes, had a potato boom in the days of high prosperity; but potatoes being a major product in competition with national production, they shared the slump of wheat and corn.

The friend with whom I was riding past the "abandoned farms" had another surprise which was flashed just before midnight in the windows of a textile factory with the true sign of prosperity—that of the double shift—a rare sight anywhere in the United States these days.

A business expert who personified the New England "git up and git" had taken over an old concern, reorganized it, cut out middlemen by direct delivery by motor trucks to customers in New York, and

given the stockholders the surprise, in the midst of the depression, of dividends which had been missing in good times.

And in this same city of Southbridge of fifteen thousand people, characteristic of New England's smaller manufacturing cities, a newspaper man with New England "git up and git" had taken hold of the local paper, which now prints more pages and carries more advertising than it did in 1930.

As typical of New England's industrial strength as the textile mill was the other leading industry, that of a great optical company which for three generations has been a part of Southbridge. It was not running at full capacity, but at moderate capacity. People postpone getting new glasses or improved frames in hard times; but when glasses are broken they are an essential which must be renewed. The shipment of raw material to this factory and of the finished product represented slight carrying costs. The value of the product was in the skilled labor that ground and polished the glasses to fit the delicate requirements.

This is typical of New England's varied industries, which may be called light or small industries, or specialties, in contrast with the so-called heavy industries. Hat making is a light industry. The rage of Eugénie hats brought bonanza days to hat-making Danbury. After all the women had Eugénie hats the boom was over. Although people may wear last year's hats to save money, they will eventually have to buy new hats, and Danbury has the machines and the skilled hands which have known how to make them for generations—just as generations in Southbridge have known how to make glasses.

So recovery begins with the production of necessities. People must replenish clothes and underclothes, and boots and shoes, even in hard times when they forego luxuries. And New England makes clothes and boots and shoes; and in these there have been necessities if not normal demands.

Whether it was in the towns or small cities, or in Boston or Providence or other big cities, I heard relatively few hard luck stories in this winter of "I will share."

When I remarked to a native on the Maine coast that times were pretty bad, he said he'd heard they were "down to Boston," but as for him and his neighbors, they could always catch something to eat out of the sea and the women had canned a lot of stuff.

And they were not going hungry "down to Boston," either. The old New England spirit includes interest in welfare work. Basic organization for relief was well established in a thickly settled and long settled region. Massachusetts, which has always been forward in welfare measures, is trying out her new old-age pension system.

Whether we are "bumping along on the bottom" or have not reached the bottom, the turn has been sighted in New England, presaging the turn for the whole country. Yankeeland is well fortified for any eventuality. Out of every hundred families in New England, 51 to 38 for the rest of the country have telephones; 90 houses to 67 for the rest of the country are wired with electricity; 80 to 78 adult males are gainfully employed; 93 to 43 have savings bank accounts; 96 to 90 children are in school.

With seven percent of the nation's population, New England is growing at the rate of 70,000 people a year. She has 8.5 percent of national income; eight percent of national wealth; 12.8 percent of the nation's bank deposits; 17 percent of its

savings; and her fishermen catch 90 percent of the cod and 86 percent of the mackerel we eat.

Some New Englanders say that New England's individual thrift and grit, rather than the New England Council, are responsible for the way she has met hard times. The way that New England capitalizes her resources explodes the old idea that all her enterprising youths depart for fields of larger opportunity.

New Englandism is an absorptive culture which is meant to hold New England's skill of mind and labor for her varied industries, and cannily make the most of everything from her factories to her colleges, from her cranberry patches to her cod.

Just Before the Railroad

(Continued from page 30)

them under control the bears stood erect on their haunches, apparently amused at our efforts to subdue our animals. This amusement passed off and we made ready for the night's camp. As we were in no need of bear meat we did not molest them. The next day our travel entered the hills, giving a glorious view of the Pacific and the old Spanish road peopled by emigrants of the prairie schooner type, journeying toward the Eldorado of the West. They were at times the object of attack by the outlaws that infested that part of the country, which attack usually occurred at the early dawn, catching their stock and driving them to their rendezvous in the mountains, finally to be disposed of in twos and threes among the miners and prospectors. We had a narrow escape from a band of these ruffians, who for some unaccountable reason did not molest us.

The next day when we entered a mining camp we noticed a prospector examining his stock. They had quite noticeable harness marks on their bodies, and evidently had been taken from wagon trains along the coast route. When the prospector attempted to put through a trade with us for our pack pony, we declined the offer, stating that as we were traveling to 'Frisco our exchange of animals would be recognized by the wagon trains and possibly lead to our lynching as a band of horse thieves. The next day we left the trail and entered the wagon road a short distance from the city and stabled our animals.

San Francisco of these early days was one main thoroughfare, known as Market Street, spreading out as it approached the bay with lateral branch roads on which stood the churches and school houses, while the main thoroughfare was lined with bar-rooms, gambling houses and shops of every description, not forgetting the banks, which lent a look of prosperity to this growing town. Along the bay the Government had established a post, for what purpose otherwise than to maintain order, I could not see. The city was certainly a busy mart during the day, with its influx

of miners and prospectors, who made the nights hideous with shouts of revelry from bar-rooms, gambling dens and dance halls of not too good repute. After a few days spent amid such scenes, we prepared for our journey back home by way of Sacramento.

The town of Sacramento was the old headquarters of the Ben Holladay's Stage Line, a ten days' run between there and Atchison, Kansas, also the route of the old Pony Express. This intermediate section was the most picturesque of the entire route and while devoid of habitation it was unsurpassed in scenic beauty. In our approach to the continental divide, we crossed the waters of the Bear River where Jim Bridger held a small outpost and rendezvous of fur traders and trappers, also work shops for the repair of wagons and harness. It later became a government post, established by General Albert Sidney Johnston, on his way to the Pacific coast. Thence we crossed the divide at South Pass and by so doing struck the waters of Sweet Water, which takes its rise near Laramie Peak. The road crosses and recrosses the stream for many miles before it enters into the Platte. The original name of this river was Nebraska, given to it by the Indians and interpreted by the French into Platte, meaning flat. This river is wide and shallow, interspersed with small wooded islands.

Crossing was dangerous in many places owing to quicksand. I might mention that the Sweet Water holds two picturesque land marks, the one known as Independence Rock, the other as Hell Gate. The rock bears the names of many travelers who have made it a point to camp there on or around Independence Day. A day's journey from the rock brought us to the crossing of the Platte known as the Platte Bridge or Mormon Crossing, the scene of the killing of Lieutenant Casper by a small band of Sioux Indians under Red Cloud. A few days later we camped at Fort Laramie, situated on the banks of a little stream known as Laramie Creek, a tributary of the Platte.

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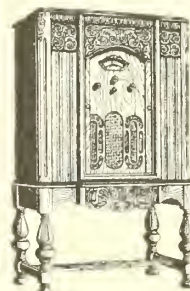
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Water Wings

(Continued from page 15)

Such is the flexibility of the *Lexington's* drive that her ten-foot propellers can be stopped in thirty seconds; the ship herself, while making forty miles an hour, can be stopped dead in three minutes; and in five minutes she can be traveling full speed astern on low gear. The steam is supplied by sixteen oil-burning boilers.

In the captain's room on the bridge I am held spellbound by the automatic tracker, a modern gadget that, with the aid of the gyroscope and another thingumbob that counts the revolutions of the four propeller shafts, traces our course across the chart, so that we know our exact location at any moment of the day or night.

The ship carries a total of twenty-six guns. But her greatest striking power lies in her airplanes. No longer is it necessary for a plane to overload itself with fuel in order to make a long flight; the *Lexington* takes her aircraft to within forty miles of their objective. Not being heavily burdened with gasoline and oil, they not only are able to take off without danger to the undercarriage, but they can make better speed, maneuver with greater ease, climb more quickly, and carry more weight in explosives and machine gunners. The *Lexington's* full complement is in the neighborhood of 1,800 officers and men—from 400 to 600 more than the average battleship. There is no trade in the mechanical line that is not represented in the crew.

This clambering up ladders and down through manholes is pretty tough on an hombre who is considerably thicker about the middle than he was in 1917. So we call it a day, and retire to the officers' ward-room for lunch.

But the excitement is just beginning. We are finishing our iced tea and chocolate eclair when the general alarm brings us to our feet. We learn that the dirigible *Los Angeles* has discovered the southern division of the enemy fleet at a point fifty-five miles to the northwest. Already some thirty-three planes have their engines running, and the noise is more deafening than I have ever heard on any flying field.

This is the moment for which the *Lexington's* fliers have been waiting. Joyously they swarm out onto the flight deck. The mechanics continue to warm up the engines. Then, at intervals of fifteen seconds, six fast single-seaters take off and climb at an angle of forty-five degrees to clear the sky of "enemy" planes. Ten two-seaters follow, and then, with a reverberating roar, seventeen bombers, each capable of carrying a torpedo or half a ton of bombs a distance of 600 miles, take to the air. Thirty-three planes have left the *Lexington's* flying deck in less than fourteen minutes.

Fifty minutes later they discover the opposing fleet of battleships, destroyers, cargo vessels and the *Langley*. Six of the scouts, with the slanting rays of the set-

ting sun at their backs, dive to within 1,500 feet of the aircraft carrier and release their 500-pound bombs; she is caught absolutely unprepared. Not a single plane is able to take off from her flight deck; by the time the anti-aircraft guns are unlimbered the bombing planes have disappeared into the sun.

By this time the other twenty-seven planes are ready to launch a concerted bombing attack upon the bewildered vessels; seventeen of these are (theoretically) equipped with a thousand pounds of bombs each, and the other ten planes with one five-hundred-pound apiece. Protected by the blinding glare of the sun, the pilots shove their sticks forward, and hurtle down upon the enemy at 250 miles an hour. Dropping their cargo of explosives from an altitude of 2,000 feet, they bank sharply and scurry back into the sun, only to reappear a moment later, with the six fighters, to strafe the decks and gun galleries. It is the outstanding achievement of the naval maneuvers.

On board the *Lexington* we begin to pull out our watches; the fliers should have returned by sunset. Their search for the ship, seventy-five miles distant from the attack, may be likened to the one for the proverbial needle. The sea has turned from a boisterous gray-green to the color and smoothness of black asphaltum. Orders to darken ship are given. Appreciating fully the risk he runs in revealing the *Lexington's* position to the enemy, the radio officer nevertheless makes every effort to give the missing planes a radio bearing on the ship. After what seems an interminable wait, flood lights are strung along the deck, and powerful searchlights swung about the horizon.

Finally they come; first a single-seater, then the others. Like a flock of Canada geese returning northward in the spring, they approach in perfect formation; the radio bearings and searchlights have done their work. Darkness is falling; already the planes are switching on their red-and-green navigation lights. From the exhaust pipes of their powerful engines pour jets of light blue flame.

From my position I can see the first single-seater plump down upon the deck, only to be brought up short, like a calf about to be branded. Two mechanics grasp the ends of the lower wing, and the pilot gives her the gun. Alternately running and sliding along the deck when the pace becomes too fast for them, the mechs guide the plane for a hundred yards, then, out of breath, they turn it over to a fresh relay team and stagger back for another plane. Before they can reach the after end of the flight deck, the second two-seater slithers forward on the smooth surface and races to the hangar. The landing, after dark, of the thirty-three planes is accomplished in half an hour without even a minor mishap.

Till We Meet Again

(Continued from page 13)

at him inquiringly and Clark said somewhat impatiently, "Well, what is it?"

"We're leaving."

"What! Leaving Karlsruhe?"

We could hardly credit the news. It seemed that we had been in that camp forever. Clark turned to me triumphantly.

"Didn't I tell you?" he said. "I had a hunch that something was about to turn up." He was immensely interested when Wordle told us that thirty or more of us, English and American aviators, were to be shifted to some prison camps in the vicinity of Landshut, in Bavaria.

"Landshut! That's about forty miles from Munich. I know all the country between there and here. If they send us by a direct route we will pass through the town of Ulm, which is only about eighty miles from the Swiss border. Wordle, I have a premonition that you and I will be leaving the train somewhere in the vicinity of Ulm."

"Of course we shall," said Wordle; "and poor old Hall can have the pleasure of watching us bound, goatlike, toward Switzerland."

At that time I was recovering from some broken bones, and was not flirting with thoughts of escape, except in a Platonic way.

"I will enjoy that sight when I see it," I said.

"You'll see it," said Clark, with conviction, "unless they handcuff us to our seats and weight us down with balls and chains."

The following day, those of us who were to go were paraded in front of the Commandant's office. We were ushered, singly, into an empty room, and when we had stripped, our clothing was given a thorough going over in a search for contraband such as maps and compasses; then our naked bodies were examined with the same painstaking and somewhat embarrassing care. After the physical examination we were again paraded on the recreation ground where we watched the detachment of guards who were to accompany us, loading their rifles with ball ammunition. Not that they ever loaded them with anything else, but the lieutenant in charge of the party evidently thought this detail in the preparations would interest those of us who might be entertaining visions of escape. We were then marched to the Karlsruhe railway station.

At the station we were loaded into a passenger coach attached to a freight train. Clark and Wordle exchanged hopeful glances. At any rate we should not be bowling along at forty or fifty miles per hour; in fact, we might not be bowling at all, but ambling through the countryside at not more than fifteen. The car was of the typical European kind, a corridor running the length of one side, with compartments opening off from it. We were dis-

tributed throughout this car, and our guards strung themselves along the corridor, one of them facing the doorway leading into each compartment. Clark took his seat next to the window in the compartment where eight of us were sitting. Wordle, I believe, was in the adjoining compartment.

The German lieutenant was very busy for a few minutes, arranging us, and talking solemnly and impressively to the guards, warning them, I suppose, of what would happen if, through their negligence, any of us got away during the journey. He went up and down the corridor at least a dozen times, assuring himself that everything was in order. Fortunately, he seemed to pay no attention to the windows except to see that they were closed. They were fine large windows, easily capable of disgorging a man's body, and they opened with a slam, coming down from the top. This was not discovered until later, however. We at first supposed that the windows had been locked in some fashion, or else nailed fast. I saw Clark's face brighten as he measured with his eye the ample width of these windows.

At last we started, and it was pleasant to be assured that German freight trains have the same leisurely habits of such trains in other parts of the world; at least, this assurance must have been pleasant to Wordle and Clark. Our route, by the sun, was in a general easterly and south-easterly direction, and when we had passed Cannstatt and Esslingen we knew that we were going by the direct route to Munich and that Ulm lay ahead. The guards were vigilant enough during the early part of the journey when vigilance was not greatly required; but as we proceeded, the warmth of the day and our innocent, reposeful attitudes had a certain soporific effect upon them. To be sure, they maintained their positions along the corridor, one of them facing each compartment, with the butts of their rifles between their feet; but, although their eyes were open, they were not so alert as they might have been.

And now my memory is at fault. I am not certain whether things began to happen just before we reached Ulm or shortly afterward; but I think it was the latter. The precise locality is of no consequence; Ulm was not far distant in any case, and the influence of the Swiss border made itself felt from afar. Its effect was to slam down two windows with startling suddenness. I saw one of them slam and heard them both. Through the nearer one, a figure clad in the uniform of the Royal Air Force soared with the utmost nicety of judgment, as though it had been released by a strong spring—as, in fact, it had been; then it vanished. As we passed, I also caught a glimpse of another figure rolling down the side of an embankment.

For two or three (Continued on page 52)

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Till We Meet Again

(Continued from page 51)

seconds the guard facing our compartment tried to convince himself that something was amiss. Meanwhile, the feet and legs of the prisoners seated in the compartment had somehow become so laced and intertwined that when he made a rush for the window he got his own feet tangled up in theirs, and further time elapsed before he could sort them out. When at last he reached the window he was so excited that he couldn't release the safety-catch of his rifle. At this moment the German lieutenant rushed in, grabbed the rifle from the guard, and began taking pot shots at Clark, who was making his way across a field of grain toward a wood about one hundred and fifty yards distant. Other guards, too, were firing at him from other windows. Although the train was still moving we were going very slowly, and I expected at any moment to see Clark fall.

"Run, you idiot! Run!" someone shouted. We were all wondering why he didn't. He moved across the field at as leisurely a gait as though he were taking an after-dinner stroll in a park. I more than half expected to see him stop to pluck a nosegay of poppies and other field flowers before finally consenting to reach the wood. All the while the guards were firing at him from a more and more oblique angle, which fact probably saved him. At last, to our great relief, he gained the far border of the field and vanished, at the same deliberate pace, among the trees.

The train lumbered on for a considerable distance before it could be stopped; then it was backed to the place where the two men had jumped, and the German lieutenant sent a part of his detachment to look for Wordle, who had not been seen from the moment of leaping. We all thought that he must have crawled away in the tall grass, and was, probably, still crawling at an increasingly safe distance from the right-of-way. The guards searched and beat about here and there, without success, and finally the lieutenant shouted orders for them to return. If one of them, in obeying this order, had walked five paces either to the right or left of where he did walk, Wordle would have escaped; for, upon rolling down the embankment, he had found a drainage pipe passing under the track, large enough to crawl into and so overgrown with grass and weeds that it seemed a safe hiding place. Luck was against him, however. He was discovered, pulled out, and urged back to the car with the butt end of a rifle. The guard who wielded the rifle was no pigmy, and Wordle must have nursed bruises for some time thereafter.

The rest of the journey passed without incident. We detrained at Landshut where we were separated into two parties, Englishmen in one, Americans in the other, and marched to different prison camps. Wordle was whisked off into the blue, and

somewhat blue it must have been for him, for recaptured prisoners were invariably given a generous dose of solitary confinement as a reward for attempting to escape. I neither saw nor heard of him again.

It is hardly necessary to recount here the events of the rest of that summer and autumn of 1918. Came the Armistice with its wild demonstrations of joy, followed by the Congress of statesmen at Versailles where all international jealousies and animosities were forgotten and such broad, firm, and sure foundations for lasting peace were laid down. Then came the great period of demobilization and the scattering to the four winds of the members of old units: squadrons, companies, batteries, and the like. Some of us returned to school, some of us returned to work, and some of us wandered about like lost sheep, unable to settle down to anything. I was among this latter number. Finding myself at a loose end at the close of the war, my chief concern was to keep the loose end from getting snarled and caught in some job that would restrict my freedom of movement. Now and then as the years passed, I chanced upon impromptu reunions of ex-soldiers where evenings would be spent in fighting the war over again. On these occasions, when the gathering was one of airmen, I was always sure to ask: "By the way, have any of you ever met a man named Clark? He was a captain in the R. A. F." Or: "I wonder if you've run across an American named Wordle who was a prisoner in Germany in the summer of '18?" And the reply, invariably, was: "Clark?" or "Wordle? No, I don't think I knew him."

And so ten years passed, and the eleventh and twelfth year since Messrs. Clark and Wordle had sailed through adjoining windows of that passenger coach. One morning when the thirteenth year was well on its way, I strolled into the Bougainville Club at Papeete, the little port town on the island of Tahiti, in French Oceania. Tahiti is on the opposite side of the world from Europe, and the nearest direct route to the German town of Ulm would be a tunnel piercing the thickness of the globe. The monthly steamer was in and I had come to the club to read my mail. While moving toward an empty table on the veranda I encountered a man moving in the opposite direction. He glanced at me and I at him; then we stopped and glanced more attentively. He grinned and I grinned. I held out my hand and he held out his.

"My name is Hall," I said.

"Mine is Clark," he replied. "How about a nice cold bottle of beer?"

"I was about to suggest the same thing," I said; so we sat down at a table and rang for the steward.

"Cheerio!" he said, and I: "Here's luck!"

"Well!" he went on, as he set down his glass. "Haven't seen you in some time."

"No," I replied. "I'm glad I ran across you this morning because there's a question I've long been wanting to ask you."

"What is it?" he asked.

"When those German guards were popping away at you as you crossed that grain field why did you stroll along as though you were having an afternoon walk in Hyde Park? Was it merely an exhibition of dam-foolish British nonchalance in the face of danger, or was there some adequate reason for it?"

"There was an excellent reason," he replied. "I don't know what ground you have for supposing that Englishmen are any less fond of life than Americans, for example. By the way, how fast would you say that train was moving when we jumped?"

"Not more than fifteen miles per hour, certainly."

"That's what I think; it was barely crawling, and it was just my luck to give one of my ankles an awful wrench when I landed. I couldn't possibly run, and naturally, I didn't want the guards to know that I had sprained my ankle; so I tried to stroll, more or less, trying to make it appear that I scoffed at their marksmanship. I thought I'd never reach that wood. It seemed miles away."

"What happened then?"

"I hid myself in some bushes to wait for Wordle. When the train backed to the place where we had jumped I decided that I'd better be going, but when I heard it puff away again I crept back to look for Wordle. What happened to him?"

I told him of Wordle's hard luck, whereupon he related his own further adventures. There was no goatlike leaping toward the Swiss border. On the contrary it was the most painful limping with the aid of a stick, and at last, hopping on one foot. He could move only at a very slow pace, and while thus moving, after an interval of four or five days, he was recaptured and remained a prisoner till the end of the war.

"But what are you doing at Tahiti?" he asked.

"I live here."

"You do? And I've spent a month on the island! I came by the last steamer and am leaving for England by this one. Where have you been all of this time?"

It was strange that, on so small an island, only one hundred and twenty-five miles in circumference, we should not have met until the moment of his leaving; but no stranger, I suppose, than that we should have met at all. Even as we were talking the steamer gave a warning blast of her whistle to gather in her passengers who were stretching their legs ashore.

"I'd better be going aboard," he said. "Goodbye. Remember me to Wordle when you meet him in Tibet or Lapland or some such place."

"Yes, I'll be sure to," I replied, and that was the last I saw of Clark.

About three months later—to be more precise, it was toward the end of May, 1930—I was in the Grand Central Station, in New York, when I decided to have my shoes shined. As I approached the

shoe-shining bench a man was just paying for a shine he had received. His name was, and still is, Leland L. Rounds. There was no one in New York I would rather have met than he, and I had no idea that he was within three thousand miles of the Grand Central station.

We had much to say to each other, for we had not met in ten years, but before we could say it at leisure he had to excuse himself from a dinner engagement. He asked me to go with him to his friend's house as documentary evidence of the validity of his excuse.

Our taxi stopped before a prosperous-looking apartment house uptown.

"Can't I wait for you here?" I said to Rounds.

"No, please come up with me," he urged. "I shan't be a minute." So we gave orders to the taxi driver to wait, and up we went.

Rounds rang the bell. A moment later the door opened and there was "Toots" Wordle—or Wordell; I still don't know the precise spelling of his name. We looked at each other just as Clark and I had done.

"Good Lord!" he said. "It isn't . . ."

"Yes it is," I interrupted. "I've come all the way from the South Seas to give you a message from Clark. You remember Clark, don't you?"

"I seem to have a vague recollection of a man of that name," he replied.

"He wanted to be remembered to you," I said. "As for myself, I have been wondering for the past twelve years whether or not your spinal column was permanently damaged by the drubbing that guard gave you with the butt of his gun, after he'd pulled you out of the drainage pipe."

"It's still sore," said Wordell, "but not nearly as sore as it was that night."

An hour or so later Rounds remembered that we had a taxi waiting for us downstairs. Wordle was sorry that he couldn't come with us, but he had some other guests coming to dinner, and a host couldn't very well excuse himself, as a guest, like Rounds, could. So we bade him goodbye, and that is the last I've seen of Wordle.

Rounds suggested that we have dinner at a restaurant he knew, where the food was good and the prices reasonable. It was a quiet little place and the head waiter paid flattering attention to all of its patrons. He said "Good evening, gentlemen," with a decided German accent. His face seemed puzzlingly familiar, and when, in the imagination I had removed his waiter's suit of black and dressed him in the field-green uniform of a German infantry officer, I gave an inward gasp of astonishment. It was the German lieutenant who had been in charge of the guards on the memorable ride from Karlsruhe to Landshut.

But no—now I really am going too far. No, although he looked very like him, and may easily have been a lieutenant in the German army during the war, truth compels me to admit that he wasn't "our" lieutenant—the one who had taken so many pot-shots at Clark. But the rest of my story is absolutely true.

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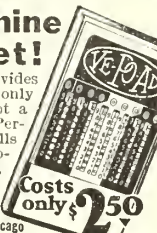
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The Secretary of the Exterior

(Continued from page 17)

but to facilitate. I try to put a young and inexperienced man at his ease so he can state his case clearly. I know by experience what the president is interested in."

Is a letter or a personal call the better approach? The majority seem to vote for the latter. State your proposition ably in person, say the secretaries, and reduce it to writing later, if requested. Letters in a mass of mail lack the punch. Even letters of introduction are regarded by one secretary as buck passing. "If an introducer himself brings in his protégé, instead of sending him with a letter, I know that he is really keen for his friend to see the boss," one secretary stated.

Getting 'em out after they get in is an art which every good secretary knows. Surprisingly often the boss is too kind-hearted to cut off a long-winded visitor and summarily dismiss him. Thereupon the crafty secretary goes into action. When he thinks time is up, he breaks in by ringing the chief's telephone or entering with a slip of paper indicating another caller. Probably the best method of all is to arrange the interview in some other room than the boss's own. Thus the executive can rise and retire by a line of retreat left open to a prepared position. The moral for the visitor is, of course: Make it snappy, don't overstay but show the big executive you are a bright young man who knows the value of time.

Here are hints on getting in gleaned from an alert chap, a Big Game Hunter who has a record bag of heads of firms in his trophy file.

If your business permits it, make your approach through the publicity man of the company. He usually has an entrée to the

president surpassing that of anyone else in the organization.

Get your president on the wing—at a convention, for instance. There he is unprotected by the customary barriers.

Sometimes it is possible to talk to a president on the telephone and make your appointment direct.

If it can be done logically, hitch your wagon to a star remark the president has made in the company's annual report.

It may be easy or it may be hard and you never know till you try, this young man says. Once he had to go through a president to reach a vice-president. On one occasion it took him four weeks to see the president of his own company.

In what line are the chief executives most difficult to interview? Some say it's the big fellow in powerful political organizations with plenty of patronage at their disposal, or someone high in official life. Others insist that it's the president of a big bank. Whatever your project, you are apt to advance no farther than the secretary to the secretary of the president and then be diverted to a vice-president. Maybe that is why they have so many vice-presidents in a bank.

Finally, is it possible for an unknown with a really good idea to get in to see the chief executive of a firm? The encouraging answer of secretaries in high places is—yes, primarily or eventually. A proposition of worthy calibre penetrates to the presence of the leader who is where he is because he produced that kind of idea himself and has the ability to recognize a thing that will be sure to work. As a veteran secretary remarked, "The bigger the man, the more approachable he is."

The Business in Hand

(Continued from page 19)

foremost an amendment to provide pensions for the widows and orphans of all deceased service men.

It was determined that while the Legion presses its legislative program for the disabled, it will carry on in every State a campaign to help all men having claims with the Veterans Bureau which have not been allowed. The national checkup of claims is based on the "Minnesota Plan," which resulted in benefits for large numbers of disabled men who had given up hope of winning their claims. Under the national plan, the Veterans Bureau in each State will supply the Legion with the names of all unsuccessful claimants. Legion service officers, after obtaining the consent of claimants, will examine the Bureau records in an effort to strengthen the claims which had not been allowed, particularly in cases where new legislation has been enacted.

In his address to the Commanders and Adjutants, National Commander Stevens

defined the Legion's position on adjusted compensation legislation at this session of Congress. He said that it is not within the province of the Legion to oppose the efforts of others; that the Legion action as expressed in convention resolutions is clear-cut and concise.

National Commander Stevens also expressed the Legion's attitude on the prohibition referendum proposal embodied in a resolution adopted by the Detroit national convention.

"The National Executive Committee a few days ago put this at the bottom of our list of preferred legislation," he told the Commanders and Adjutants. "I think it would be the greatest travesty on justice and the greatest mistake possible to let either a wet organization or a dry organization use us as a tool to do a dirty job which so many of them are afraid to tackle. We made ourselves quite plain in Detroit, regardless of what you or I feel

about it. Therefore, I consider that we have done our duty and kept faith with the convention when our National Legislative Committee lays the action of the Detroit convention in the hands of responsible people in Congress. . . . They have the right to make their own interpretations. . . . We will simply say, as we said at Detroit, that the people of the United States are entitled to speak upon any major topic of the day."

Reports of the Legion's National Child Welfare Committee showed an increasing need for funds to render emergency aid. While \$36,000 was spent for emergency relief for needy children in 1930, the expenditures for the first ten months of 1931 were \$50,261.20, because of results of the depression. Edwin E. Hollenback, National Child Welfare Chairman, told the gathering.

The National Americanism Commission reported that promotion of safety will be one of its major activities in 1932. A handbook for the guidance of posts in conducting safety campaigns will be available for the use of all posts. The commission also reported plans for combatting the un-

lawful activities of those opposed to the American form of government.

This brief article can be but little more than a summary of the subjects covered by the National Executive Committee and the meeting of the Department Commanders and Adjutants. A digest of the proceedings of the National Executive Committee will be available in printed form. Most of the reports made to the meeting of the Department Commanders and Adjutants and Service Officers were supplied in printed form to those who attended the meeting. The experiences by which one State has profited have been made available to all other States, and this year's contribution to the sum total of what we learned in other years is one reason why 1932 is bound to be an even greater Legion year than 1931.

National Headquarters welcomes inquiries and suggestions. Each post is the guardian of the Legion's good name and its reputation for carrying out Legion ideals, and any post will find the National Headquarters ready to supply useful material.

The battle of 1932 is on.

THE PROGRAM for 1932

The National Executive Committee and the Commanders and Adjutants of all the departments who met at Indianapolis in November took home with them these reports and battle orders:

MEMBERSHIP—A telegraphic roll call of States on November 19th showed 333,102 members enrolled for 1932, 96,123 more than on the corresponding date of the year before. By maintaining early ratios, membership in 1932 would be placed far above the 1931 total of 1,053,086.

FOR THE DISABLED—The Legion's full strength in 1932 will be given in every State to a check-up and review of all unsuccessful claims ever registered with the Veterans Bureau, to the end that claimants entitled to benefits under legislation passed since original claims were rejected may receive their full rights. As a part of the system, training schools for post service officers will be held in each State.

FOR WIDOWS AND ORPHANS—As the first and foremost objective in Congress the Legion will fight for adequate pensions for the widows and orphans of all deceased World War service men.

FOR THE UNEMPLOYED—Every post was urged to carry out fully the recommendations of the Legion's National Employment Commission adopted by the Detroit convention. National Commander Stevens announced plans for widening the activities of the commission.

ADDITIONAL MAJOR LEGISLATION—With pensions for widows and orphans as the first, the National Executive Committee drew up a program of seven major legislative objectives. In order, the others are—(2) Amendments to the World War Veterans Act, to provide outpatient

treatment regardless of service connection of disability; a time limit of July 3, 1941, for marriages, so that those who marry World War veterans prior to this date shall be entitled to benefits provided; the elimination of "the wilful misconduct clause" under which many claims are denied; the removal of the time limit for bringing suits on insurance claims. (3) Early execution of a list of hospital construction projects. (4) Urging of the national defense program adopted by the Detroit convention, with opposition to any reduction in appropriations for the Army, National Guard, R. O. T. C., C. M. T. C. and Organized Reserves, and support of a Navy building program in accordance with the maximum strength permitted under the London Treaty. (5) The creation of a Senate committee to handle veterans' legislation. (6) A reduction in interest rates on adjusted compensation loans. (7) "That the National Legislative Committee present to the proper committees in Congress for their consideration the resolution adopted at the Detroit convention favoring the submission of the question of the repeal or modification of the Eighteenth Amendment to the voters of the several States."

1932 NATIONAL CONVENTION—September 12th to 15th is the period set for the 1932 national convention in Portland, Oregon. It was directed that all Legionnaires attending shall register in advance. National Commander Stevens announced that he would invite to Portland twelve prominent ministers of various denominations, that they may observe the aspects of a Legion convention which, because they lack sensationalism, do not win headlines in the newspapers.



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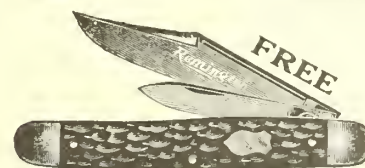
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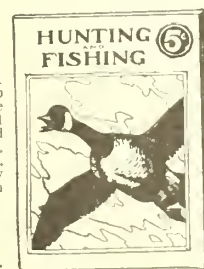
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Not Worth a Continental

(Continued from page 11)

to distinguish in every case the true from the false. A French sou, worth about a penny, could be gilded and passed for a Spanish moidore, worth about thirty-six shillings. A copper half-penny washed in silver looked like a six-pence by candlelight. Clipping became so common that unless one wished to risk being cheated he had to know a coin by weight. Merchants placed scales in their shops. In 1782 the government clipped a consignment of French guineas before putting them into circulation, thereby saving several thousand dollars, as the French guinea when newly minted was overweight by American standard. "Tis a shameful business," wrote a treasury official, asking for the loan of "a pair of good shears." Yet if the government had not reduced the heft of these coins the first wide-awake citizen who found them in his hands would have done so.

But few coins, clipped or not, reached the army which the government still tried to satisfy with its worthless paper. Ambitious officers set loose a rumor that the troops would decline to be disbanded unless paid off in specie. A threatening manifesto was circulated in the camp at Newburgh, New York. Washington hastened thither. The men were in bad temper. They were mostly Continentals, or Regulars, who had served winter as well as summer, without time off to catch a few drops from the rain of prosperity. Washington assembled the officers and began to read a paper. The camp knew the Commander-in-Chief had served eight years with no pay whatsoever. General Washington was six feet three inches tall and of powerful frame. His capacity for physical endurance was a legend. For the moral effect it had on those about him he made it a point never to complain of fatigue. Yet on this day Washington was obviously tired. Putting down the paper he drew out a pair of spectacles, which he had never before worn in public.

"I have grown gray in your service," he said with an apologetic smile, "and now find myself growing blind."

Washington pleaded against civil war. He asked the men not to endanger the liberty they had won, but peaceably to return to their homes and enjoy its compensations. Washington thought it best to disband the army, although, contrary to peace terms, British garrisons remained on the American frontier. The sooner all were profitably back to work the better. With great effort three months' pay in motley coin was scraped together and the Continentals given furloughs that amounted to final discharges. In groups of two and three they trudged toward the homes many had not seen for years. Washington himself resigned his commission and set out for his neglected estate, which he had laid eyes on but once since 1775. The Revolution was over.

But the fruits thereof seemed to have soured on the vine. The round bubble of an overblown prosperity had burst. The United States faced a future overcast by an economic depression which turned out to be the longest and most dire in our history. Bands of unemployed men roamed the city streets and fought with bailiffs defying eviction for non-payment of rent. On the farms there was no market for produce though prices had dropped one half. During the war credit had been freely extended. The manufacturer and importer trusted the merchants. Merchants trusted customers. Now came demands for repayment. But there was no money. Jails began to fill with debtors. Congress had power to levy taxes now. In default of payment farms were taken away from their owners and let go to ruin. Many a soldier returning with highest hopes found himself, almost before he knew it, stripped of property and within prison bonds for debt.

Viewed in retrospect the causes of this collapse do not seem complicated. First was the spendthrift living generated by the paper inflation, but with most of this money now harmlessly worthless that might have been overcome had not our foreign trade vanished almost within the twinkling of an eye after the proclamation of peace. It was one thing for France, Spain and Holland to harass a trade rival by commercial concessions to rebellious colonies. With the colonies free it was something else for these nations to continue their assistance at the expense of their own overseas possessions. So the favorable trade agreements went and the export business upon which the prosperity of millions depended went with it.

We had made a start at manufacturing, the war acting as a protective tariff. With no war Europe could land goods on our shores more cheaply than we could make them. Our little factories closed. Distress was everywhere. Bread riots broke out in New York City and Baltimore. A French tourist wrote of Newport, upon which the war boom had bestowed its favors with a prodigal hand: "Since the peace everything is changed. The reign of solitude is only interrupted by groups of idle men, standing with folded arms; houses falling into ruin; miserable shops which present nothing but a few coarse stuffs or baskets of apples; grass growing in the public square in front of the court of justice. Everything announces misery."

The blessings of liberty were difficult to discern. Men who had rallied to the flaming watchwords of the Revolution recalled with curious emotions the comparatively comfortable existence of all before the war. "What is patriotism?" asked a New York newspaper, and—answered: "A hobby horse. What is liberty? Licentiousness unbridled. What is independence? Dependence upon nothing. Who gained it for the

States? The army. How have the soldiers been requited? Cheated." That was the way the irritated colonists had once badgered King George.

Differences of opinion between State and State approached the brink of war. When to protect her manufacturers Massachusetts closed her ports to English ships Connecticut threw its harbors open. In reprisal Massachusetts levied a tariff on imports from Connecticut. New York City was largely supplied with farm produce and firewood from Connecticut and New Jersey. It passed an import act requiring sloops plying the East River and the Hudson to pay entrance charges and obtain custom house clearances the same as if they came from Europe. The firewood and vegetables were subject to duty. Connecticut retaliated with an embargo and New Jersey placed a tax of \$1,800 a year on a light house owned by New York on Sandy Hook. Pennsylvania, Delaware, Virginia and Maryland were involved in similar squabbles.

Political quackery for the relief of economic ills went to further extremes. Notwithstanding the lessons of the war there was a cry for new paper money, which some legislative magic would sustain at par, providing everyone with the means of paying his debts. Pennsylvania, the Carolinas and Rhode Island succumbed to this specious panacea. The result was almost instantaneous depreciation and further destruction of credit. A drive for paper money in Massachusetts was successfully resisted by the legislature, whereupon popular resentment directed itself toward the courts which had power to imprison for debt. It was not the first move in that direction. In New Jersey a few court houses had been nailed shut, in Virginia a few had been burned. But this uprising in Massachusetts took the broader basis of an armed rebellion which perpetuates in history the name of Daniel Shays, who, with all his faults, deserves a better fate.

After five years' service in the army Daniel Shays had come home a captain. Shays was a restless, excitable man, more of an agitator than a leader, but it is difficult to gainsay the truth that he found much to be honestly agitated about. First his father went to jail because he could not pay what he owed, then his brother. In an effort to extricate them Shays involved himself. He determined that the courts should not sit, and his announcement struck a responsive chord. Men flocked to Shays's standard. They marched upon the federal arsenal at Springfield. Massachusetts militia defeated Shays in a skirmish and saved the arsenal. Without money for troops, the federal government was powerless to take up the opposition. But Massachusetts continued the campaign in which the rebels were surprised then dispersed. Shays escaped to Vermont which refused to give him up.

Nothing could be done about it because Vermont was not a member of the distracted Confederation of commonwealths calling themselves, very mistakenly, the

United States. Claimed during the war by both New Hampshire and New York, Vermont had asserted its independence of both and of the Confederation as well.


Elsewhere the Union was disintegrating. Western North Carolina seceded under the title of the State of Franklin, which, denied recognition by Congress, prepared to defend its sovereignty by force of arms and sought an alliance with Spain. The currency of Franklin was indeed on a sounder basis than that of the old States. By legislative act otter pelts were monetized, and all went well until counterfeiters got in their work: what had been taken for bundles of otter skins were discovered to be coon hides with otter tails sewed on. But the leader in Franklin was no hasty Shays. He was one of the most remarkable personages an American frontier had known—Colonel John Sevier, a Revolutionary hero destined six times to be chosen governor of the State that in more tranquil days re-entered the Union as Tennessee.

With the seaboard bankrupt and drifting toward anarchy Western men generally believed reconquest by England only a matter of time. To escape this and to procure relief from economic distress Kentucky also prepared to cut away and to this end began secret negotiations for the protection of Spain.

Thus fell the blows of three years of hard times on the frail frame of a new country confronted by the collapse of a fictitious prosperity. The federal government, always a makeshift, sank to a bankrupt simulacrum of authority without respect at home or credit abroad, unable to meet the interest on its debts. In 1782 the well-meant suggestion of a Revolutionary officer of foreign birth that Washington become king was repelled with indignation. In 1786 Nathaniel Gorham, the presiding officer of Congress, caused Prince Henry of Prussia, a brother of Frederick the Great, to be approached with a proposal to establish a monarchy in America. Anything to save us from England!

The Confederation was lost. Out of a desperate impulse to forestall dissolution of the bonds of society came a move to alter the form of government which nominally held the States together. Gradually this assumed the shape of a proposal for a constitutional convention. Although popular interest was not great, the ablest men in the country participated in the movement. It was our only hope. General Washington had been living in strict retirement striving to bring back the plantations which before the war had made him one of the richest men in America. He lived plainly, writing to an army comrade, "A glass of wine and a bit of mutton are always ready. Those who expect more will be disappointed." His taxes were in arrears and with great effort he had raised money to pay the carpenters for repairing Mount Vernon. But he accepted the call to be a delegate to the convention. A once-wealthy neighbor, George Mason, also accepted and borrowed money to journey to Philadelphia. (Continued on page 58)

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29x5.25-19"	2.95	1.35		
29x5.50-19"	3.00	1.35		
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(Continued from page 57)

Much depended, it is true, on the outcome of the deliberations at Philadelphia. But not everything. Unrecognized by anyone the thing without which the convention's labors must inevitably fail had come about: the economic tide had turned.

It is a part of the history of depressions that the worst is always behind us before we know it. In the summer of 1785 the full-rigged Yankee ship *Empress of China* rode into New York harbor, having completed a "round voyage" from Canton in fourteen months and eleven days. The experiment had been immensely successful. A market for American goods had been found in a realm that seemed as distant as a star. Probably not ten men in the United States had ever seen a Chinaman. But we went after their trade. In four years we had as much of it as the rest of the world put together. Less dramatic but almost equally gratifying was the success of our quest for markets at German and Russian ports and in the West Indies. Thousands of seamen found their payless days at an end. New England ship-building yards began to hum. Our exports were all products of the farm and field. As men gradually returned to work the clamor for paper money and political alchemy died away.

Debts and taxes began to be paid. The nation was climbing out of the pit.

Amid these scenes the Constitution was adopted—"the most wonderful work," a British statesman has said, "ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man." It was indeed a wonderful work, demonstrating an American genius for self-government that has changed the political complexion of the world. But considering the state of affairs, hardly less noteworthy was the voyage of the *Empress of China*, which demonstrated an axiom every recurrent spell of lean times has confirmed: economic ills are cured by economic means.

We have had hard times since those of 1783-88. We have them now. This time it took a world out of joint to disturb the stability of American standards of living, and no nation has been less disturbed. Yet we hear, as before, appeals to the false priests of political clairvoyance—for a "dole" for example. Those who promote such appeals, and, in their distress lose confidence in the immutable operation of economic laws to restore the upset balance, do not help themselves. Nor do they know the history of their country.

The Man Behind the Book

(Continued from page 4)

do something which, as a matter of record, Newty Cootie had already quietly attended to. Yet it has been apparent, from time to time (as when even the *Britannica* came out with an infected account of Baker), that enough of the old animosity lingered vaguely in the public mind to make such a corrective as the Palmer book desirable in the minds of all who can be irritated by a picture left askew on the wall.

If the straightening process was still needed at so late a date, it is partly due to certain habits of Mr. Baker's own singularly serene and gracious mind. While in the Cabinet he was, by all the instincts of his nature, indisposed to answer back. Indeed, he never did so except when it seemed valuable for the morale of the faithful band toiling night and day under him that he should expel any anxious public illusion that they were sluggishly failing the Army in its hour of trial. But as the civilian head of a force in which buck-passing was the favorite sport, it was his usual custom to take all the bucks handed to him and slip them into his pocket without looking up from his work. Into that capacious pocket, for instance, went the small matter—yes, the relatively small matter—of Leonard Wood. Now we all know that if that thwarted chieftain was kept at home while

the fight was on, it was because Pershing simply would not have him around the premises. But at that time, it seemed best for the service that Pershing should be spared the reputation of having made so unpopular a gesture. Wherefore, when people snarled at Mr. Baker for "persecuting" General Wood, Baker said nothing and went on with his work.

This habit became so ingrained that, even when the Armistice was signed, and the war of the memoirs begun, Mr. Baker could not be induced to speak up in his own behalf. He, at least, has written no book. There are times when this exasperates me, for, compared with most historical documents, a mere office memorandum of Baker's has such shining lucidity that reading it is a refreshment in the sense that breathing mountain air is a refreshment. Then I have a lively curiosity to know what a man at once as informed and as wise as Newton Baker really thinks of Foch's work, and of Pershing's. And whether, since it was his assignment to see that our part in the World War was well done, he thinks now that this country or the world is any better off *because* it was well done. Or any better off *because* we went into the war at all. Or any worse off. But Baker remained silent, and though I sometimes regret that silence, I think I understand its

spirit, and to that spirit my hat is off. Knowing, as he knew, that the great multitude who had had the bloody and painful part of the job to do would pass nameless and undistinguished into history, and seeing, as he must have seen, how many of the minor chieftains were busy window-dressing their own silly little reputations, he could not find it in his heart to care much what anyone, then or later, should say about himself. Suppose they misjudged him. What of it?

In the front of the second volume, Mr. Palmer quotes a paragraph from a letter Baker wrote some time after the war to a neighbor who was trying to get him indignant about the subsequently abated inaccuracies in the *Britannica*. Here it is:

"I am not so concerned as I should be, I fear, about the verdict of history. For the same reason it seems to me unworthy to worry about myself, when so many thousands participated in the World War unselfishly and heroically who will find no place at all in the records which we make up and call history."

That paragraph is, to my notion, a bit of evergreen which will lie fresh and sweet on the tomb of the Unknown Soldier in Arlington long after all the formal wreaths laid there by all the silk-hatted statesmen of our time have withered to dust.

I do think I should add that this disposition to let his work speak for itself, this absence of concern about the verdict of history, amounts with Mr. Baker almost to a lack of what used to be called a decent respect for the opinion of mankind. Or, if not quite to that, at least it reveals him as lacking that streak of shoddy, that lingering childishness, that touch of the prima donna—call it what you will, but it is the alloy that makes gold into currency—which in so many great men has made them relish the approving roar of their

contemporaries and so love the hot breath of the crowd on their necks that they were perhaps all the better equipped for leadership in a democracy. Certainly it is a lack which makes Mr. Baker the despair of all the men who have been vainly trying to persuade him to let his name be put up at the next Democratic convention.

When you are going to catch a train, it is just as well for you to know how slow your watch is. When you are reading a book review, it is sometimes helpful for you to know something of the reviewer's bent and bias. In that sense, I think I should report that this review is written by one who would, if he got a chance, cast his vote for Newton Baker for President of these United States with greater satisfaction than the Constitutional provision for universal suffrage ever before afforded him. Wherefore, in reading Mr. Palmer's deliberately restrained narrative, I first found myself almost lame from wishing he would come right out and say, in so many words, that here was the ablest cabinet member to serve this country since Alexander Hamilton. But when I reached the final page, I was glad he had not set up a possible resistance by any such roll of drums. With far more effectiveness than my impatient zeal would have let me achieve, Mr. Palmer let the facts say it for him.

They say it for him in a book which has extraordinary cumulative force, a book written from so rare an eminence that it gives the whole sweep of our war effort from the lumber camps of Oregon to the dripping shambles of the Argonne, a book further marked, to my notion, by its good temper and its sagacious moderation. As I put it down I am tempted to say of Frederick Palmer, as Booth Tarkington said of that literate marine, Captain John W. Thomason, Jr., here is a gentleman who knows how to hold his hand.

Columbuses of the A. E. F.

(Continued from page 41)

Hoboken, N. J., Feb. 11. For particulars of smoker and of proposed pilgrimage to France in 1933, write to John Kennedy, secy., 208 W. 17th st., New York City. 102th INF., 26TH DIV.—Second annual reunion, New Haven, Conn., Feb. 6. H. B. Bissell, pres., State Armory, Hartford, Conn.

354TH INF., 89TH DIV.—Any member wishing copy of regimental history can obtain one by writing to Thos. F. Coleman, 3537 Bell av., St. Louis, Mo. enclosing four cents for postage.

28TH INF., Co. B.—Former enlisted men, June, 1917, to July, 1918, report to Capt. Clarence R. Oliver Committee, 262 E. 13th st., Elmira Heights, N. Y.

M. G. Co., 108TH INF. VETS. ASSOC.—Eighth annual reunion, Rochester, N. Y., Mar. 26. James A. Edwards, 41 Ferguson st., Buffalo, N. Y.

364TH INF., Co. B.—Second reunion to be held in Los Angeles, Calif., May 7. Former members report to Loren A. Butts, 416 City Hall, Los Angeles.

PIONEER INFANTRY OFFICERS ASSOC.—Organization meeting and first reunion will be held at Jamestown, N. Y., during summer. All Pioneer Inf. officers invited. Those interested are requested to report to E. B. Briggs, actg. adjt., *The Jamestown Journal*, Jamestown, N. Y.

168TH INF., Co. F.—Annual reunion, Des Moines, Iowa, Mar. 5. Roger Fox, Fort Dodge, Iowa.

51ST F. A. BRIG. HQ. DET.—Reunion at Hotel Statler, Boston, Mass., all day of May 1. G. A. Livesey, secy., 268 Broad st., Providence, R. I.

11TH F. A.—Annual reunion, Perth Amboy, N. J. Labor Day week-end. To complete roster, former members report to R. C. Dickieson, secy., 4816-47th st., Woodside, N. Y.

309TH F. A.—Reunion at Camp Benoisey, Ill., on

Illinois River near Florence, Ill., last Sunday in August. Evan L. Searcy, 229½ S. Sixth st., Springfield, Ill.

61ST F. A., BTRY. F.—Annual banquet at Savannah, Ga., Feb. 22. P. A. Barr, 1 East Gordon st., Savannah.

109TH F. A., HQ. Co., 28TH DIV.—Proposed reunion Wilkes Barre, Pa., on or about Feb. 22d. O. L. (Bolo) Martin, Box 273, Wilkes Barre.

49TH ART., C. A. C.—Proposed reunion. Former members write to Edgar C. Hanford, *Daily News*, Springfield, Ohio.

61ST ART., C. A. C.—Former members interested in proposed reunion, communicate with C. D. Corder, P. O. Box 2391, Tampa, Fla.

28TH ENGRS.—Former members interested in proposed reunion, address George Furnish, Fairview st., East Dedham, Mass.

34TH ENGRS.—Regimental reunion, Gibbons Hotel, Columbus, Ohio, Sept. 4. George Remple, secy. and treas., 1225 Alberta st., Dayton.

60TH ENGRS. (RY. OPERATION)—Former members interested in proposed reunion during 1932, report to Lisle H. Foord, 3318 E. Flower st., Huntington Park, Calif.

SECOND U. S. CAV.—Former members in Philadelphia area interested in proposed reunion, write to J. R. Breiting, 1205 Franklin Trust bldg., Philadelphia, Pa.

13TH AERO SQDRN.—First reunion held in Oregon last Aug. Former members interested in proposed reunion this year, report to E. B. Smith, P. O. Box 151, Los Banos, Calif.

35TH AERO SQDRN.—All former members are requested to report to Deane K. Mitchell, 51 Park av., Middleport, N. Y., to get (Continued on page 60)

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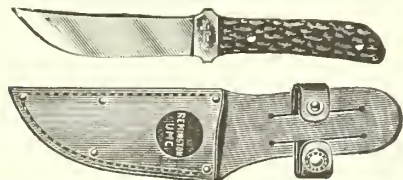
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Life Guard: "Steady Now—I Gotcha!"

Columbuses of the A. E. F.

(Continued from page 59)

information about proposed reunion during summer.

200TH-201ST (LATER 496-497TH) AERO SQDRNS.—Former members are asked to send addresses to Frank D. Van Valkenburg, Oyster Bay, L. I., New York, to complete roster. Please also send names and addresses of other members whose whereabouts you know.

210TH AND 318TH AERO SQDRNS., W. A. A. C.'s, J. A. R. D.'s and English troops at Doncaster, Eng.—Oscar M. Jonas, Sta. D, R. 2, Box 815, Milwaukee, Wis., has available copies of complete outfit picture taken in Aug., 1917. Men interested in proposed reunion also requested to report to him.

Q. M. C., G. H. Q., Chaumont, France—Former members interested in proposed reunion report to Alsa C. Howard, ex-post quartermaster, West Point, N. Y.

826TH AERO SQDRN, VETS.—Second annual reunion recently in New York City was well attended. Third annual reunion to be held Lincoln Hotel, New York City, Oct. 1-2. J. D. Shaptaugh, 109-89 200th st., Hollis, L. I., N. Y.

811ST AERO SQDRN., A. E. F.—Men interested in proposed reunion, address ex-Sgt. Lloyd W. Anderson, Wahoo, Nebr.

63D SPRUCE SQDRN.—All former members at Camp D1 interested in proposed letter reunion, address Fred D. Church, Millington, Mich.

FIRST GAS REGT. ASSOC.—Former Gas and Flame men interested in veterans organization and in obtaining distinctive medal commemorating service, write to H. A. Honack, pres., 753 No. Central av., Chicago, Ill.

MOBILE LAUNDRY UNITS 342-343-344 and M. T. C. 552—Men interested in proposed reunion, write to Lawrence (Dutch) Anstaett, Route 1, Hamilton, Ohio.

305TH SUP. CO.—Former members who served in Madison Barracks, N. Y., and in A. E. F., interested in reunion, write Harry Feldman, 4151 W. Girard av., Philadelphia, Pa.

303D FIELD BAKERY CO.—Former members interested in proposed reunion send names and addresses to ex-Sgt. H. W. Barrows, 192 Crestview rd., Columbus, Ohio.

M. T. C. VERNEUIL VETS.—Successful reunion of M. T. C. Repair Units 301, 302, 303, 327, and attached units at Legion national convention resulted in organization of veterans' association. All former members are requested to report to Hilmer Gellein, secy-treas., P. O. Box 772, to obtain information regarding organization and 1932 reunion.

BASE HOSP., CAMP MACARTHUR, TEX.—Former members of staff interested in proposed reunion, address Sam L. Iskiwiche, 4257 Archer av., Chicago, Ill.

U. S. S. ARKANSAS—Former members of crew interested in proposed reunion, write to Harold U. Osgood, 2 Cheval av., Salem, Mass.

U. S. S. BRIDGE—Former crew interested in proposed letter reunion, address O. W. Middleton, 206 W. Park st., Butte, Mont.

U. S. S. CONNECTICUT—Proposed reunion. Former officers and crew address F. N. Knight, 223 Columbia av., Metuchen, N. J.

U. S. S. ILLINOIS—Proposed letter reunion. Former crew address J. F. Handford, 31 E. Tulpehocken st., Philadelphia, Pa.

U. S. S. LEVIATHAN—A new ship's history will soon be distributed and all former officers and men of the "Levi" are urged to send their names, addresses and wartime rank or rate for listing in book. Ninth annual reunion will be held aboard the Leviathan during the early part of 1932. H. R. Schaeffer, Great Neck Towers, Spruce st., Great Neck, L. I., N. Y.

U. S. S. NEWPORT NEWS and NIAGARA—Proposed letter reunion. Former members address H. V. Smith, P. O. Box 323, Georgetown, Tex.

U. S. S. NICHOLSON—Former members of crew interested in letter reunion and possible reunion at Legion national convention, address John L. Murphy, 870 Market st., San Francisco, Calif.

U. S. S. RYNDAM (Rijndam)—To complete ship's company roster, write to Frederiek C. T. Jenney, 14 Collins st., New Bedford, Mass.

FIFTH CO., FIRST REG., U. S. M. C., Fort Capois and Fort Riviere—Veterans interested in proposed association, address Ray Holland, 69 Beaufort st., Rochester, N. Y.

MARINE CORPS LEAGUE—Fund being raised for Marine Memorial, in form of water-supply windmill and powerhouse for Lucy-le-Bocage, France. Con-

tributions from active and veteran Marines and their families may be sent to W. Karl Latons, Natl. Comdr., 108 Forest st., Worcester, Mass.

PLATTSBURG CAMPS ALUMNI—Ex-students interested in proposed "Society of Plattsburg" and reunion in Feb., address James N. MacLean, Civitan Club, 84 William st., New York, N. Y.

FRENCH MALLET RESERVE—Former members of the "gypsies of the A. E. F." interested in proposed reunion, address Howard T. Wiggers, 432 Main st., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

S. O. L. SOCIETY—This organization of Masons in service, formed in the A. E. F., held a reunion in Detroit during the Legion convention, and plans were made to resume activities. All members and Masons are requested to report to Charles F. Irwin, Adj. Gen., Rural Valley, Pa., to obtain information regarding 1932 reunion in Portland, Ore.

WHILE we are unable to conduct a general missing persons column, we stand ready to assist in locating men whose statements are required in support of various claims. Queries and responses should be directed to the Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee, 600 Bond Building, Washington, D. C. The committee wants information in the following cases:

28TH ENGRS., Co. D—Former members who recall Mack HARTMANN suffering from broken arches in both feet, necessitating operation. Also has spine trouble.

616TH AERO SQDRN., A. S., Middletown Intermediate Depot, Pa.—Former members who recall William A. Ross having fallen off bicycle and being thrown down embankment while on guard duty, injuring legs. Claims later exposure caused recurrence of trouble, and that while member of 32d Recruit Co., G. S. 1, at Fort Oglethorpe, Ga., slipped on barracks porch which was being washed, and confined to station hospital for some time. Was forced to use canes and received permission from C. O. to wear slacks as legions caused pain.

4TH DIV.—Men who recall George D. GLAZEBROOK having been injured in a runaway accident near Commercy, France, while outfit was on its way to Germany. Also Dr. LARAL (or SARAL) who treated him in Base Hosp. No. 79 at Bazoches, France.

OPPENHEIMER, Samuel (or Isidore)—Born Aug. 16, 1892, in New York City; died Aug. 1, 1930, in Honolulu; 5 ft. 8 1/2 in., dark brown hair, dark complexion, blue eyes, was motorcycle messenger before war. Widow is endeavoring to establish his service in the Army during war.

1ST DIV.—Statement from Roy HUNT, who assisted James W. WHISTLEMAN just after latter was gassed near Verdun. Hunt was formerly a resident of Texas and Virginia.

BISHOP, Wesley, serial 1119392, fireman 1st class, U. S. S. New Hampshire. Born Apr. 23, 1890. Last heard from in Sacramento, Calif., 1925. Information wanted regarding his present whereabouts.

WEBSTER, George Edward—Age 40, 5 ft. 7 in., 160 lbs., dark complexion and hair, heavy dark eye-brows, brown eyes, large nose, upper front tooth missing, scar on left jawbone. Enlisted Apr. 27, 1918, Camp Travis, Tex., assigned to Co. H, 357th Inf., 90th Div., transferred to Co. I, 104th Inf., 26th Div. Serial 2810546. Discharged Apr. 19, 1919, Camp Pike, Ark. Suffering from nervous disorder. Member Kit Carson Post, Panhandle, Tex. Wife wants to locate him.

142D M. G. BN., Co. A, 39TH DIV., May-Oct., 1918, and 320TH M. G. BN., Co. D, 82D DIV., Oct., 1918-May, 1919—Statements from men, including Aurba ILES, who served with these companies in Oct. and Nov., 1918, to support claim of H. S. ASBY, disabled in Meuse-Argonne Offensive.

111TH ENGRS., Co. A—Ex-Wagoner Vincent C. PIPKIN needs statements from former officers and men, especially Sgt. Joe E. HRDLICKA, who remember

that he suffered with asthma while in the service. U. S. NAVAL TRAINING STA., Goat Hill, Calif.—Men who recall Ralph K. SPURGEON fracturing skull when he fell from hammock the first night hammocks were hung in mess hall in Jan. or Feb., 1918.

AIR MECHANICS SCHOOL, Kelly Field, Tex.—Statements from former comrades, especially William MULLEN (formerly of New Bedford, Mass.), and Lt. McWILLIAMS, M. C., who operated on Walter Monroe BUTLER for delectated septum in May, 1918. Butler died on May 18, 1931, and widow needs assistance in obtaining pension.

S. S. U. 546 and 583, or U. S. A. A. S.—Former members who served with Edward J. VINOPAL of New York Hospital Unit, later attached to French Division as Section Sanitary Unit.

BASE HOSP. No. 91, Commercy, France—Statements from former officers and men, especially Capt. HANSEN of G. U. dept., and the medical officer in charge of eye ward, who recall ex-Pvt. 1cl. Jesse P. EARGLE of hospital who claims he was nearly blind during May and June, 1919, and is still in same condition.

HOSPITAL in vicinity of Blois, France—Statement from medical officer, formerly of Macon, Miss., who was C. O. of hospital some distance from Blois, France, in Nov., 1918, in connection with disability claim of Henry M. PATTY.

12th INF., Co. L, 36th Div.—Men, including Arthur Ray NOBLES, John TOLLASON, Reuel W. STEPHENS, Eugene Walter MINOR, Milton H. FAIRBETTER, James J. KINCAID and Sgt. Doony M. BOND, who were members of unloading party for barracks bags, officers equipment, etc., at Brest, France, Aug. 2, 1918, can assist Allen F. HALE with claim for disability account ptomaine poisoning. Hale is now patient in Veterans' Hospital.

BASE HOSP., Camp Kearny, Calif.—Former officers, nurses and men, including Capt. Jan D. BALL and Eugene R. CARPENTER, Pvts. Lynn S. SMITH and Everett WRIGHT (ward orderlies), Night Nurse Verna R. BADGER SCHMIDT and Day Nurse Vhelma WRIGHT CAPLINGER, and Jessie F. GESSNER, nurse—the latter present during operation, Apr. 29, 1919, on Edmund L. ELLSWORTH. Ellsworth requires affidavits.

16th INF., Co. H—Affidavits from former officers and men including Capt. Unger Levi, Styman, Robuski, McCroskey, Moore, Maxwell and Baker, who recall Wilbur I. TRENNER suffering with rheumatism in ankles during winter of 1918-1919, while on march from Selan to Coblenz.

59th INF., Hq. Co.—Former members who served with Elmer MAURER, who died in service Aug. 23, 1918, can assist family in adjusting claim.

856th TANK CORPS, Co. A—Former members, in-

cluding Osie P. STURN, George A. FOSTER, Archie WILLIAMS, Robert A. COLIMAN, Robert A. ROOBS, Frank B. PARKER, Jack PLATER, John NAILOR and Jesse NELSON, can assist Albert W. DAVIS with claim.

37th INF.—Former comrades of ex-Sgt. Earnest E. DEVORE can assist him in establishing disability claim.

34th F. A., BTRY. E—Former members, including Capt. Wm. J. BURTON (formerly of Great Falls, Mont.), who recall injury to Arthur BOMM who fell from and was dragged by a horse while training. Men include Sgts. Francis R. STEVENS, Geo. H. GEBB, James W. SHERIDAN, Geo. I. BUCK, Forrest L. DENNY and Floyd VAN GORDER, and Cpls. Harold I. SPENCER and Wm. G. SEELY. Bonum now suffering from epilepsy.

25th ENGRS.—Affidavit required from a medical officer from another organization who treated John HUDOCK for wounds received. Sgt. ECHART (or EHART) of the 25th Engrs. is supposed to have record of disability and of doctor.

CULWELL, Ezra—Information regarding whereabouts of brother, James William CULWELL (formerly of Fresno, Calif.), and a sister (supposed to be in Arkansas) of this veteran who passed away in May, 1931, to settle estate.

165th INF., Co. G, 41st Div.—Former members, particularly Cpl. John JONES and Cpl. NOLL, who can assist Harry LAWSON in establishing disability claim.

81st ENGRS., Co. A—Affidavits from former members, especially 1st Sgt. ALLEN, to support claim of John A. LUNDGREN who claims to have suffered from vomiting spells and dizziness, necessitating treatment at infirmary, and also an injury to back while unloading carload of steel at Camp Stevenson, Jan., 1919.

80th F. A., BTRY. C—Former members, including Peter BARANOASKI, chief horseshoer, who remember disability to William A. HEIM at Camp MacArthur, Waco, Tex., in May, 1918.

19th ENGRS.—Former members, including Jack KEEGAN, who recall back injury to Richard J. DALY, when he fell in locomotive erecting shop at St. Nazaire, France, July, 1918, while working with U. S. Naval Ry. Btry.

COMMONWEALTH PIER, Boston, Mass.—Former officers and men, including Lt. Comdr. Talmade WILSON, Lt. Comdr. William L. MARTIN and Dr. William H. GREENE, who recall injury sustained by Thomas F. BURKE by fall, while working with Y. M. C. A. Division in 1918.

JOHN J. NOLL
The Company Clerk

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Inspector of Customs (\$2100 to \$3300)
Name.....



Clyde E. Pangborn, trans-Pacific flyer, signs up as a life member of Wenatchee (Washington) Post of the Legion. It was at Wenatchee that Pangborn and his companion, Hugh Herndon Jr., completed their record-breaking flight from Japan

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30x3.75	2.70 1.15	30x4.75	2.45 1.20
31x4	2.95 1.15	32x4.75	2.45 1.20
32x4	2.95 1.15	32x4.75	2.45 1.20
33x4	2.95 1.15	30x4.85	2.90 1.25
34x4	3.20 1.15	32x5.00	2.95 1.25
35x4	3.20 1.15	32x5.25	2.95 1.25
36x4	3.20 1.15	32x5.25	2.95 1.25
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38x5	3.60 1.45	30x5.25	3.10 1.25
38x5.5	3.60 1.45	30x5.25	3.10 1.25
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38x8	3.60 1.45	30x5.25	3.10 1.25
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38x70	3.60 1.45	30x5.25	3.10 1.25
38x70.5	3.60 1.45	30x5.25	3.10 1.25
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38x95	3.60 1.45	30x5.25	3.10 1.25
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38x96	3.60 1.45	30x5.25	3.10 1.25
38x96.			

"I was in the midst of the struggle that dislodged the British. They were allowed to go, sir, because, after our cannon had done their work, we lacked gunpowder enough to push our bullets in a desperate and perhaps a long battle, against troops well trained and provided. I am familiar with the spirit and equipment and discouraging condition of an army, poorly clad and trained, unpaid for months, and, until March, without twenty rounds of ammunition to a man or cannon that could do anything but make a noise. I have wondered that we were able to keep an army. Day after day I have wondered when morning came that the army was there—that it had not gone away in the night disheartened by the neglect it has suffered, or that it had not been torn to rags and scattered in wild confusion by the enemy. I, who know the men of that army, can tell you why. The commanding personality of Washington has held them. They have a faith in their Captain which is like unto their faith in God. Not that alone has saved us. He is a great Captain, for he has kept his weakness from the knowledge of the British and himself informed of their plans. As a humble helper at Headquarters, the ambition of General Gates is known to me. I have no word to say against him, but I do say that he does not know as I know the great difficulties under which our Commander has labored with sublime patience."

Here Conway interrupted, saying, "He could not hold his best officers. Many of them left him. Here is one of them."

He pointed at Colonel Botts, who sat as if holding the people like a baby in his lap, with a look of sanctimonious devotion.

"Pardon me. That is not quite true," Colin went on. "The army was chaos. It had to be organized. The officers unfit for their duties had to be replaced. The division which they and you and men like you are seeking to create among our people is our worst enemy. It will prolong the war. It may defeat us. With no knowledge of the facts you, a foreigner, lately arrived, should be slow to give your support to a purpose inspired by personal ambition and which no well-informed American is able to countenance."

A number of men clapped their hands.

Colonel Botts was inarticulate with indignation. Conway sprang to his feet, saying, "No man can address me in that manner and challenge the truth of my statements and the honor of my chief and go unscathed. By God! I challenge you."

The little argument had come to an unexpected climax. The hot blood of youth was again in trouble.

Colin arose and answered calmly: "If correct information hurts your feelings, I am sorry, but I am not afraid of you, sir. I cannot take the chance of being put to bed. As I am challenged, I have the privilege of choosing the weapons. I therefore propose that we fight with our fists. You are young and of equal stature. We could show our courage and bind up our wounds and go to our tasks tomorrow."

"I want to see the color of your blood!" Conway shouted.

"I shall promise to take as much of your blood as you can afford to lose," said Colin. "If you are worthy to fight with a man, you have but to hit my nose to see the color of my blood. If you whip me, I shall take upon myself the shame of making an apology. What more can you demand?"

The master of the inn, named Wilkins, a big, brawny, bearded man with his sleeves rolled to his elbows came from behind the bar, saying:

"Gentlemen, all you need is to prove your courage. There is a rock in my stable yard with two holes in it drilled for blasting. We could use them to settle this difficulty. I will put a charge of powder in each hole with a fuse and tamp it in. You are to sit, side by side, over the two blasts. When you are in position I will light the fuses. The man who runs first is beaten. The man who sits there longest wins the fight. He will be the man of iron nerve. My prediction is that neither of you will be hurt unless one or the other wishes to commit suicide."

A roar of laughter greeted this unique plan of the tavern keeper.

"It's a fair proposal," a citizen declared and others audibly fell in with his way of thinking.

The two belligerents were conducted to the rock. There they drew lots for the choice of positions. Colin won and chose the charge nearest the open stable door about thirty feet away. The two sat down, each above a loaded bore in the rock.

The spectators stood stooping behind the hedge.

The tavern keeper lighted a splinter in the lantern blaze. Holding the fuse ends in his left hand, he touched them simultaneously with the fire which began its sputtering upward journey. Little wisps of smoke arose.

Colin sat as motionless as the rock. In the glow of the jack-light he saw that his enemy was trembling. The creeping fire was close to both men. A nervous spectator shrieked with alarm. It was like an unexpected thunderbolt crashing through a roof. Every one felt a heart spasm. Conway jumped off the rock and ran. Colin sat for half a second, then bounded into the stable. The spectators began chattering as they stooped below the hedge top. Then all heard the cheery voice of the tavern keeper saying:

"Gentleman, the danger is past. It was not powder that we put in those holes. My small boy was playing with my empty powder-horn to-day and he filled it with black sand. In spite of that, we have seen a remarkable exhibition of courage, for neither man knew that this was to be a bloodless battle."

The pressure of excitement suddenly relieved, produced a gale of laughter. In the midst of it Conway ran upon Colin in a rage saying, "It is a dirty Yankee trick, and you are a damned dog."

The last word was scarcely spoken when Colin's right glove (*Continued on page 64*)

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The Master of Chaos

(Continued from page 63)

crashed into the face of Conway with an appalling smack that echoed in the near woods. The stricken man reeled and fell against the crowd with blood flowing down from his nose upon his white shirt. They lowered him to the ground, where he lay stunned and helpless. Colin turned to the tavern keeper saying, "Send for a surgeon. I fear his nose is broken. I will take him into the house."

He lifted the prostrate man above the heads of the pressing crowd and carried him into the house.

Meanwhile, a bit of curious weaving on the fabric of our history was being done in Cambridge. The Lady Washington met Nancy in the library.

"My dear, I was worried," said Mrs. Washington. "An hour ago I heard of that robber on the west road. So I sent a fast rider to find you."

"Thanks. You are like a dear mother to me."

Mrs. Washington smiled. Her needles were working rapidly as she said: "My child, I have never known a girl so much in need of a mother. While you are here I am going to look after you. You are a foolish child. Life is not all confectionery. You must forget your beauty and put on plain clothes and go to work or go home. This is no place for play."

Nancy smiled. She was wont to smile at all the icy precepts. She felt a sense of relief when Mrs. Washington arose and bade her go to her tasks.

JOSIAH STARK, who had been one of the most trusted men in the secret service of Washington, had received a slight wound in making his last return to the army and was in the hospital. Nancy Woodbridge had won his heart. He had told her in confidence that he was soon going to Canada—an imprudence caused wholly by her remarkable influence. That night when she went to her room she wrote this letter:

"Dear Pat: I have delivered your letter to Colin Cabot and am here with my brother. We have both enlisted. He is in the army and I am in the hospital. I am as unhappy as I can be and, dear friend, I must tell you why. I was at the beautiful dinner and dance at General Headquarters to celebrate the Evacuation. Colin took me to dinner and then danced with me. I would not tell you of all the sweet things that he whispered in my ear, and, when we went out to look at the stars and cool off a little after our exertions he held me and kissed my lips and said that I was 'irresistible'. Your idol is like all the other men, my dear. I think that you should try to be as happy as he is. I have never seen a man who was worthy of you. What are girls like you and me to do? Shall we become man-haters and old maids? No, we will marry, but let us not be deceived. Let

us have the liberty that men enjoy. Do you remember the little book we read about Catherine of Russia? We read it secretly and felt as if we had committed a great sin. The older I grow the more convinced I am that Catherine had the right opinion of men.

"My dear, does this letter give you pain? I write it because I love you and I think it better that your heart should ache a little now than be broken later.

"I am sending this to British army headquarters, in care of General Howe. It will be mailed somewhere in Canada. This is from

"Your devoted friend,
"Nancy."

Catherine of Russia was probably the most evil influence in the world of that time. The Russian court swarmed with her lovers and ex-lovers. Her Imperial Majesty had pensioned numbers of the latter while others were being accepted on probation. The thrones of Europe were mostly sources of moral pestilence—a hissing and a horror to the good folk of New England who, with the Scotch, stood almost alone in the world rigidly for the Ten Commandments. Frederick the Great was knocking down his sons and daughters and kidnapping men for his Grenadier corps.

A few days later the rugged young Josiah Stark set out for Fort Ticonderoga with Nancy's letter in one of his saddle bags. One day in the northern colony, Stark dismounted to enter a store for food. As had been his custom, he left the horse standing in front of the store. The animal having come to familiar country, immediately set out on a lonely road for his old home. Stark went on a-foot following his tracks and hoping to overtake him. The horse had spent three years of his life in Mrs. Bowlby's stable. That night, awakened by his tramping and whinnying around the house, she arose, lighted her lantern and went out of doors where she found the riderless animal. She took him to the stable, removed the saddle and bags, tied him in a stall and gave him food and water. In the darkness she failed to recognize the horse.

She brought the bags into the house wondering what could have happened to the absent rider. In one of the bags she found Nancy's letter. Thinking that it would give a clue to the identity of the horse's owner she opened and read the letter which Nancy had written to her friend in Halifax. She was naturally astonished by its contents for she remembered vividly the young man to whom it related and for whom she still entertained a feeling of gratitude and obligation. She put the letter in another envelope, re-addressed it and returned it to its place in the saddle bag.

(To be continued)



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